



FAMOUS

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 75¢

MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND

THIS ISSUE

KARLOFF
LON CHANEY JR.
CARRADINE
GLENN STRANGE
J. CARROL NAISH
PLUS
BLOBS, BRAINS,
AND
OTHER GOOEY
OBJECTS!



SPECIAL 16-PAGE BONUS:

HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN



Me—FRANKENSTEIN. You—SCARED. I'm waiting for you in this issue, along with DRACULA and IMHOTEP and scores of other scary citizens of Grislyland. You'll want to enter our MONSTER CONTEST: \$500.00 in Prizes!

THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL!



Photo by Fauce

THEY'RE ENGAGED!

BUT WHAT they're engaged IN boggles the mind & boggles the brain! In other words, "There are things man was meant to leave alone!" Ah, yes—MAN. But we are concerned here with the genus FAN, the GENIUS fan such as the made-up man on the right (not to overlook the gorgeous masquerade gal on the left); that is to say, Just Plain Folks like YOU.

Fans of filmonster movies.

Enthusiasts eager for more & ever more (to quoth the Raven) info & pix about horror flicks who will really

flip over the contents of this issue. You will:

THRILL to the foto/fiction Filmhook on **HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**...

SPILL beads of perspiration from your brow as you take a terror trip with **DRIP, DRIP, DRIP**...

You will... but see for yourself. We wanted to make our 99th issue **ALMOST** as good as our 100th... so you can judge from the good stuff in this one how **GREAT** the next one is going to be!

*FORREST
ACERUAD*



WANTED! More Readers Like



BILLY YSTRÖM

Yes, I've seen some real bombs recently, but I've never even heard of the companies that released them. But I have seen DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN, DRACULA: AD 1972, and ASYLUM, and each one scared me to death. Films of the past are classics. To me, nothing can match the terror of Christopher Lee ripping his way through a barred window to kill Dr. Banning. No, no, the age of the horror film is just beginning, not ending.

JOHN BERNARD
Framingham, Mass.

• The question seems to be not if the horror film can die, but how many times our readers can be scared to death.

TANNA-LEAF STREET

For a monstrous gag a la Sesame Street, I have compiled a monster alphabet as follows:

Amazing Colossal Man
Boris Karloff
Christopher Lee
Dracula
E.E. Clive
Frankenstein
Godzilla
Harryhausen
Invaders from Space
Jekyll & Hyde

King Kong
Lon Chaney
Mummy
Nosferatu
Outer Limits
Price (Vinnie)
Quasimodo
Rodan
Sun Demon
Thirteen Ghosts
Una O'Connor
Vampire Lovers
White Zombie
X The Unknown
Yog
Zombies of the Stratosphere

RICHARD MORGANA
Flushing, N.Y.

• Hmm... in Ohm-age to Edison does the Frankenstein monster recharge his neck bolts at The Electric Company? What a re-volting pun!

Continued on page 74

NORBERT FRANZ NOVOTNY is the young film-fanster from BRAZIL to whom this 99th issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS is gratefully DEDICATED. For 50 issues or more he has devoured FM like one of the voracious piranha man-eating & monster-eating fish of the Amazon river of his country. Beyond that, he has contributed many photos to FM and posters from Mexican & Spanish horror movies shown in Portugal & Brazil. In recent months he has been of inestimable help to Ye Ed and so I dedicate this issue to him—FJA

WANTED! More Readers Like



RON OLSON

LOVES BLOODY MOVIES

I am 13 years old and came from Italy 8 years ago. Hello! I'd like to express a few opinions. Everyone should see BARON BLOOD, as it has a good plot. But—disgusting movies like THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD shouldn't be filmed. Take for instance the scene where the horror actor buys a genuine Dracula cape and suddenly finds himself up in the air with his eyes crossed when he puts on the cape. That was dumb. Now good films like NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD and DRACULA:

AD 72 and VAMPIRE CIRCUS should be the best. I am willing to see FRANKENSTEIN VS. DRACULA, as it should be spectacular. It hasn't come out to Chicago yet. That's all I have to say. Oh, and another thing: I love bloody movies! LAWRENCE DESANTIS
Chicago, Ill.

WOLFMAN RAVINGS

Your last issue about THE WOLFMAN was excellent! I really enjoyed it very much. I also liked THE GRAVEYARD EXAMINER & EDGAR ALLEN POEMS. But most of all—the cover, with its perfect printing & coloring. I'd really like to say that I truly like your magazine.

I can hardly wait for the next issue about THE MONSTER COACH and THE ADAMS FAMILY. In the monster world, I think they're the kookie-spookies of all.

Your models are the greatest. Thus far I have: FRANKENSTEIN; DRACULA; THE WOLFMAN; THE MUMMY; THE CREATURE and KING KONG. I also have a special one—BARNABAS COLLINS!

But your best item is your GENUINE VAMPIRE KIT. It's the best thing on this world (and off!).

MARTY BARRON
Pittsburgh, Pa.

• We felt called to say a heartfelt thank you, Marty, and to assure our readers that this is a genuine unsolicited fan letter. Now let's hope the Bela-like young Barron doesn't put the bite on us for his tombly testimonial.

LETTER FOR "LETTER"

I would like to congratulate you on your mag. My first ish was #92 and it was great.

To get to the point, I'm writing about the story in #95 about Lon Chaney Sr., "Let-

ter to an Angel".

That was the best story I have ever read in FM.

RICK SAMPSON
Carson, Calif.

LOVES GREEN SLIME

Going back a few issues, your Lugosi edition was great. Coming up to date, I loved Issue #95. I enjoyed every article except GUESS WHAT HAPPENED TO COUNT DRA-



CRAIG & STEVE DOLNICK
of Bronx, N.Y., who are
holding FAMOUS MON-
STERS #1 & #2 with #3
thru #50 on display.

CULA? as I hated that movie. I recently ordered back issues #57 & #64. They were excellent. In #57, I loved the GREEN SLIME article.

RICHARD MORGANA
Flushing, N.Y.

CAN THE UNDEAD DIE?

I have been reading FM for 5 years now and would like to comment on the Fred Darabont letter in FM #95. He is right in a way in saying that the horror film is going out.



OUR COVER:
This is the hairy surprise that hopped out of artist Ross Gog's Easter egg—and landed on our front cover!

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FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, Number 99. Published nine times a year, in January, March, April, May, July, August, September, October and December by Warren Publishing Co. Editorial, Business & Subscription offices at 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-Class mail privileges authorized at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

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Subscriptions in the U.S.: 9 issues (includes special Summer issue and special Christmas issue): \$9.00. Canada and Elsewhere: \$11.00. Editorial contributions are invited, provided that return postage and envelope are enclosed; however, no responsibility can be accepted for unsolicited material or photographs.

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AND NOW...

THE NEWS!

NOOSE

stay tuned for terrorvision

channel number fear

A FANTASTIC FUTURAMA is coming in the months ahead, more horrordrama & fright filmania than Van Helsing himself could shake a stake at. For instance, how's this for openers?

The *eye-opener* of the year—nay, the decade! DRACULA SOCIETY AWARD WINNER RICHARD MATHESON, WHO HAS SCARED US HALF TO DEATH WITH SUCH GREAT POE PIX AS "THE PIT & THE PENDULUM" & "THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER", THE CLASSIC MODERN VAMPIRE NOVEL "I AM LEGEND" AND THE OUTSTANDING TV HIT "THE NIGHTSTALKERS", HAS BEEN SIGNED BY MGM TO FOLLOW THE BOOK (BY BRAM STOKER) AND WRITE FOR THE SCREEN AT LAST THE STORY AS THE AUTHOR ENVISIONED IT:

DRACULA!

television's finest horror

No less than *four* LON CHANEY SR. films are soon to be seen on TV. You'll see—

—A Crippled Chaney in *WEST OF ZANZIBAR*

—A bizarre clown characterization in *HE WHO GETS SLAPPED*

—A female impersonation ("kindly" old Granny) in *THE UNHOLY THREE*

—And a weird mad scientist in one thought lost till now, *THE MONSTER!*

the "charnival" is coming!

A charnival is a carnival of charnel happenings. Such as:

THE LIVING DEAD with George (*Village of the Damned*) Sanders.

THE FEARMAKER with Katy Jurado (in color).

FEAR IN THE NIGHT with Ralph (*Frankenstein*) Bates, Joan (*Tales of the Crypt*) Collins, Peter (nursed!) Cushing...screamplay by the ever popular Jimmy Sangster.

THE DEVIL & THE BODIES... Mario Bava.

AN OPEN COFFIN, AN EMPTY TOMB... from Italy.

THE BEST EVENING OF HIS LIFE... a fantasy.

THE CREEPING FLESH... Christopher Lee & Peter Cushing.

THE JOSEPH STONE... Gothic terror.

GARDEN OF THE DEAD.

TOWER OF EVIL.

ASTRO ZOMBIES... John Carradine.

DEATH LINE... subhuman survivors of subway tunnel disaster of 1892, with Donald Pleasance & Christopher Lee.

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE MONSTER FROM HELL (Hammer).

plots of peril

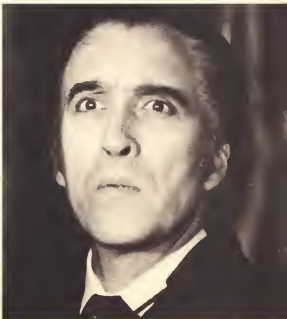
In *BEAST OF THE YELLOW NIGHT* John Ashley makes a pact with the Devil and for the next 25 years exists as a disembodied soul, inhabiting first this body then that as he does Satan's work in corrupting souls. When he attempts to rebel against his Master, Satan transforms him into a half-human flesh-devouring monster of the night.

In *CREATURE WITH THE BLUE HAND* (by Edgar Wallace) Dave Emerson (Klaus Kinski) is separated from his twin brother and placed in a mental institution from which he later escapes. When a series of bizarre murders takes place, he is suspected of being the killer who inflicts death with a blue metallic hand with knife-like fingers.

In *THE BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW* grisly furry parts of the Devil's body are unearthed in England in 1670. Shortly thereafter a series



In 1958 we got *FRANKENSTEIN*—1970; in 1973 it's *FRANKENSTEIN* 1980, from Italy, where they made their first Frankenstein film in 1920...and here is a portrait of the future Frankenstein.



First foto of CHRISTOPHER LEE in *DRACULA IS DEAD AND WELL AND LIVING IN LONDON*.



Forty years ago she was carried away by the Frankenstein monster. She's MAE CLARKE, who came to visit the Editor of FM and got carried away reading about her immortal friend BORIS KARLOFF. Later she talked about COLIN CLIVE, DWIGHT FRYE, JAMES WHALE...in an exclusive interview you'll find in our 100th Issue.



Looking like a fugitive from **A CLOCKWORK ORANGE** is this actor as **THE MAN WITH THE BRAIN GRAFT**.

of horrifying events take place: in her room at night a young girl is attacked by a bloody claw ... a group of children discover a dark & wormy talon, a devil's skin ... a young man awakens in bed to discover a webbed hand clutching at his throat. Convinced there is witchcraft at work, the villagers, led by the Judge (Patrick Wymark), descent on the local witch-cult.

In **THE MAN WITH THE BRAIN GRAFT** a helicopter lands one evening beside a hospital. Within the plane is the unconscious body of a young man who has just been hit by a car; his neck is broken, his brain crushed and he is dy-

ing.

The famous neurologist Dr. Marcilly for many years has devoted his studies to brain transplants. In the middle of the night he calls his closest collaborator, Dr. Degagnac, and informs him: "Tonight we will at last attempt to transplant a human brain!" Degagnac is astonished when he is informed that it is he who has been chosen to undertake the operation—even more amazed when he learns the reason he has been selected: "Because," his surgeon friend tells him, "the heart patient whose brain you are going to take is—me!"



"A BEARD IN THE HAND..."

Scene from SCHLOCK — "The Greatest Love Story Since KING KONG."

Dr. Marcilly explains that the young man cannot be expected to live for more than a few minutes—"a few hours at best"—but otherwise his body is sound and it could mean a prolongation of life for Marcilly with his weak heart.

The revolutionary experiment is performed and is a success beyond all expectations: Dr. Marcilly is now to all intents & purposes a man of 20 again—but with the knowledge & skill of a man considerably older.

Curious to learn about the former life of his new body, the doctor is drawn into adventures he never dreamed of...

Is **THE BEAST IN THE CELLAR** some wild monstrous animal? After a series of horrible murders in a usually peaceful & quiet English countryside, it appears this may be the case. But in the end it is revealed that the creature responsible for the deaths was once human but has been changed into a monster by the twisted fears of two old ladies, one the well-known British actress Flora Robson.

the fiendish finale

Finally, winding up the list of horror pix &



GOMAR, THE HUMAN GORILLA, asks, "How about a Bic Banana, dac?"

sci-fi flicks lurking in the future, we direct your attention to:

HORROR EXPRESS with Telly Savalas...

Lon Chaney & John Carradine in **BLOOD OF**

THE MAN DEVIL... VELVET VAMPIRE...

THE VAMPIRE OF CASTLE FRANKEN-

STEIN... JONATHAN (a vampire classic, from

all reports)... **THE TRANSVECTION MA-**

CHINE... BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF

THE APES... Jack London's **THE STAR RO-**

VER... *Edgar Rice Burroughs'* **THE LAND**

THAT TIME FORGOT with Dinosaurian script

by Mike (Heroic Fantasy Author) Moorcock

... *Ray Harryhausen's* eagerly anticipated **SIN-**

BAD'S GOLDEN VOYAGE... A TOUCH OF

MELISSA... CURSE OF THE FULL MOON

... PHASE IV... ZETA ONE... FIRE WOM-

AN... WAR BETWEEN THE PLANETS...

Christopher Lee & Peter Cushing in **1, MONSTER**

... Gray Daniels in **THE JEKYLL & HYDE**

PORTFOLIO... DR. JEKYLL & MR. BLOOD

... DR. JEKYLL & MISTRESS HYDE... COLD

WAR IN A COUNTRY GARDEN ("a futuristic

James Bond type thriller")... **THE WIZARD**

OF GORE... PYRAMID... DOC SAVAGE...

A.E. Van Vogt's THE WEAPON MAKERS...

THE EXORCIST... DUNE... DUNE ROLL-

ER... OCTOMAN... EARTHQUAKE-1980!

And Florence (**QUEEN OF BLOOD**) Marly as

a Cat Goddess... **SOYLENT GREEN... DRA-**

CULA'S LUST FOR BLOOD... THE VAM-

PIRE PEOPLE... AND THE CURSE OF THE

GHOUL BATTALIONS...



One of the Beauty Contest winners in TONIGHT I'LL INCARNATE YOUR CORPSE, Brazilian horror hit.

END

BLOBS, BRAINS AND OTHER GOOEY OBJECTS!

OR, MARTHA, HOW CAN THAT
SLUDGE BE MOVING TOWARD US?
OR, GAD, WHAT A COLORFUL MESS!

by THOMAS ROGERS

Who knows what slimy evils lurk within the earth and deep in outer space? I do. I have seen just about every movie dealing with gigantic blobs, brains, etc. There have been more than 25 of them, and there will undoubtedly be many others in the near future. Recently, Japan released one of the newest films of this sort. It is, unfortunately, semi-comical (which is nothing new for the Land of the Rising Sun). As a rule, monster movies are just not what they used to be. Today, huge, man-killing amebas are depicted as being rather cute. But in the Old Days, things were different. Then, blobs were blobs.

Contrary to what the movie title suggested, there was no supernatural creature from the grave in **THE VAMPIRE BAT** (Majestic, 1933). Actually, the blood-stealing murderer was none other than Lionel Atwill, playing a scientist who had created a synthetic mass of protoplasm. He needed the blood to feed his silent pet, which was, in reality, a fat sponge in a fish tank. Toward the finale, Dwight Fry was chased by torch-wielding villagers and staked to death for the murders which he did not commit. Atwill did not pay for his crimes until he chose Fay Wray, the heroine of the movie, as one of his victims. In the nick of time, the hero broke up the act and destroyed both the scientist and his lazy creation.

THE LADY AND THE MONSTER (Republic, 1944) was the first film version of Curt

Siodmak's novel, *Donovan's Brain*. A number of similar movies were to follow, including (What else?) **DONOVAN'S BRAIN** (United Artists, 1953). The story is about a scientist who keeps alive the brain of a ruthless business tycoon. Owing to its indomitable will, the nasty old brain gains control of the man's body, even over great distances. In the end, however, the brain gets frizzled by a lightning bolt, and the mental captive is set free.

Ray Bradbury, one of today's masters of science fiction, wrote the original screenplay for **IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE** (Universal, 1953). In this 3-D film, Richard Carlson learned that slimy, bug-eyed monsters called Xenomorphs had crash-landed on Earth. A little early for Halloween, these unappetizing space travelers went

around masquerading as captured townsfolk (including the hero's girlfriend) while they made repairs on their spaceship. (Paramount did this sort of thing five years later in **I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE**. In this flick, the aliens wanted to dominate the human race, so that theirs would survive.) The movie ended with Carlson helping the grotesque-looking creatures escape from the enraged community (and Earth). What was particularly unique about the story was that it was shown through the aliens' eye(s).

In 1955, Hammer Films made **THE CREEPING UNKNOWN**, the first in the Quatermass series. In this movie, three British astronauts were sent into outer space. Only one returned (the empty space suits of the others were found intact), and it was discovered that his metabolism



This foto looks like it's a fugitive from a feature elsewhere in this issue called DRIP, DRIP, DRIP.

had been altered by some form of alien life that had entered his body. After his wife helped him to escape from a hospital, he began to change form (the plot thickened, and so did his body). Quatermass tracked the thing through London, and learned that it could reproduce by spora. The giant, quivering mass eventually made its way to Westminster Abbey, where it was soon burned to a crisp by a powerful electric charge. Did the scientists learn from their mistake? Nope! As soon as the poor creature was destroyed, plans were made for another manned space launch.

People really lost their minds in Jack Finney's **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS** (Allied Artists, 1956). This top-notch fiction thriller told how inanimate entities came from outer space to possess the bodies of humans. They began by taking over the inhabitants of California. Then they branched out to other parts of the country. The vehicles in which the unseen invaders traveled to Earth were original and amusing: giant seed pods (to be precise, pea pods). While they were inside them, the shy little creatures remained in an embryonic state. When the script finally called for the aliens to be shown, they were revealed as having the physical characteristics of soapuds. Not really, but they did look pretty much like foaming, bubbly tryouts for clogged washing machine commercials. Eventually, the emotionless invaders were discovered, and the credits came on while the authorities were mobilizing for combat.

One of the most terrifying blob movies of all time was **X THE UNKNOWN** (Hammer Films, 1956). This suspense chiller dealt with a murderous life-form that left its home inside Earth to plague humanity. The huge pile of gook was not shown throughout most of the film, a technique which was responsible

for a great deal of the mood. "X" only ventured out of its lair in the dead of night, at which time it would search for sustenance—radioactive matter. It slayed the pitiful extras from a distance, melting whoever got within range of its ultra-hot little body. As the story progressed, the animated revolting development grew. It also became bolder in its nocturnal wanderings. Finally, the poor monster was slain by the surviving eggheads. But it is quite possible that some day another subterranean behemoth of the same species will take its place!

The second Quatermass film was **ENEMY FROM SPACE** (Hammer Films, 1957), in which the renowned scientist uncovered an alien plot to take over Earth. (The final movie in the trilogy was **FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH** (Hammer Films, 1967), which dealt with giant insects from Mars, and their terrible influence upon humanity.) Thousands of small, parasitic invaders arrived inside protective meteorites that were actually miniature spaceships. Some took over human bodies, but the rest preferred togetherness and merged to form a trio of enormous blobs with a craving for ammonia. When they escaped from their dome-like prison, the three anti-social monsters attacked anything that moved, included their "human" brothers. The aliens, large and small, died when their home planet was destroyed by a nuclear missile (Talk about homesickness!).

There were three monsters in all that were **NOT OF THIS EARTH** (Allied Artists, 1957). They were: two pop-eyed aliens (male and female) from another dimension, and a flying piece of rubber that was supposed to be alive. The male alien sent the revolting little creature to kill a human doctor who knew the truth about the film's vampire murders. Under the cover of darkness, the flying saucer-type

slimy went straight to the doctor's house (Without a road map, yet!). It silently glided in through a window that was conveniently open, and positioned itself above the man. Then, without warning, it engulfed his head and crushed it to a pulp! Once its gruesome mission was completed, the poor speechless killer also died. Conclusion: people from other dimensions sure can be treacherous!

Probably the worst movie in the history of the blobs was **THE UNKNOWN TERROR** (Emirau, 1957). This dull "epic" concerned a lonesome fungus that oozed around the confines of a subterranean cave. This endless mass of shaving cream was created by a mad scientist who also delighted in experimenting on local natives, turning them into mindless killers. The foamy glop, when unleashed, multiplied (and added and divided and subtracted) at a fantastic rate. Fresh air (whatever that is) was the only thing that could destroy it, but eventually it developed an immunity. Toward the end of the flick, the scientist was killed in an explosion which sealed off the entrance to the cave. The hero and the heroine escaped through an underground lake, leaving the poor, decrepit multitude of bubbles behind them forever.

THE BLOB (Paramount, 1958) was made in unliving color. It, too, shuttled to Earth inside a meteorite, and soon afterward the gelatinous substance was discovered by a nosy farmer. After absorbing the man, it moved on to bigger and better things, all the while increasing in size. There was no escaping the thing, as it slithered under doors and through window gratings. Steve McQueen and his teenaged friends found out about the creature's unwholesome appetite, and followed it to a local supermarket. After acid, bullets and electricity proved ineffective



LOOK-ALIKE FOR LUGOSI? Can you tell which is the Real Bela, over a quarter century ago, and which an actor in the new **BEWARE! THE BLOB** who bears a striking resemblance to the late Count Dracula?



against the giant red terror, the hero rationalized that cold (not the germ, the temperature) would immobilize it. The poor thing now lies in a frozen state in the Antarctic. BUT—keep reading!

The evil **BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS** (Howco International, 1958) was not too bright, but the good brain (a police officer, of all things) was really dumb! The villain came to conquer Earth, mainly (Get this!) because it liked human females! It took control of John Agar's body (Can an over-inflated balloon with eyes and veins painted on it really do that?), and delivered its ultimatum through him. Meanwhile, the good brain (that does not mean it was smart) arrived and took over Agar's dog! While the interplanetary cop chased cats, Agar went around disintegrating people, blowing up planes, and activating atomic bombs. In the end, the bad brain left his captive's body for a while, and was fatally clubbed on the noggin (an easy feat, since the invader was all head). After burying one last bone, the grateful alien cop left Earth.

THE CRAWLING EYE (Eros, 1958) was chock-full of England's brand of masterful suspense. There were really eight monsters—giant, spongy brains, each with one eye and wriggly tentacles. They were from another planet, and they thrived on cold and human blood (Doesn't every good little alien?). Aside from being awfully strong (and awful-looking), they had the ability to control whomever they took blood from. The director treated them like Howard Hughes throughout most of the film, keeping them out of sight while they carried out their nefarious deeds. Little by little, though, they came down from their snowy mountain peak, and people took to the plains (away from the hills, that is). Finally, napalm-carrying NATO jets finished off the crawling cold cuts.

"Mental vampire" was the term that was used to describe the invisible **FIEND WITHOUT A FACE** (MGM, 1958). Again, there were many more than one, but nobody knew this until the loathsome brain/spinal column creatures were rendered visible. Not only did these crawling killers have strong tentacles, but they were telepathic, intelligent, and they could leap at least ten feet through the air. Shades of Superman! Their diet staple was (quite obviously) human brains and spinal columns, and they left their victims in a very bad way when they were through with them. The hero, after fighting his way through their ranks, managed to blow up their energy source, which turned the cute little creepies into harmless, smelly gloopies.

Where would monster movies be without space probes? In 1958, an American rocket journeyed to the **FLAME BARRIER** (United Artists). When it returned to Earth and crash-landed in Mexico, the lost spaceship gave birth to a healthy baby blob. The new-born creature of this droll movie grew fast, and of course it went and developed a fatal radiation. Since it was in an uninhabited part of the jungle, no one was in danger. But the immobile glop threatened to keep on growing until it engulfed the world! Needless to say, the tiny group of scientists who were sent to locate the rocket did not like this idea one bit. By the end of the film, they found a way to neutralize the radiation and kill the gelatinous youngster.

The monster of **THE SPACE CHILDREN** (Paramount, 1958) was not the enormous, pulsating (and nauseating) brain from outer space. Rather, the real "monsters" were the humans who wanted to launch atomic missiles into space. This act might have touched off World War III, had the alien not interfered. True, the creature did give its underaged followers the ability to kill (which they used),

but its intentions were noble. Or were they? In any event, the film proved to be very interesting, especially when the alien turned into the screen's first psychedelic light show. The ending was inevitable, and it made people wonder if guardian angels could really come from other planets.

Another American space launch brought a terrible plague of carnivorous blobs to the United States in **SPACE MASTER X-7** (20th Century-Fox, 1958). Any person who contracted this disease spread formless, flesh-eating creatures wherever he went. (Blobs, blobs... everywhere.) The unsuspecting carriers had to be tracked down and decontaminated, providing that the ungrateful creatures did not gobble them up. Whenever the rapidly-growing monsters were located, they were fired upon (with real fire—flame throwers!). No accommodations were too good for them. They infested laboratories, hotels, private homes and a train, and they did not even have one major credit card among them! Finally, the last disease carrier was found and cured. Earth was safe again, at least until the next rocket blasted off.

One of the most dangerous slimies ever to land on Earth challenged **THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE** (Allied Artists, 1959). This giant cyclops traveled to the Arctic Circle in a living flying saucer (which could breathe underwater). Both the grotesque passenger and his metallic conveyance had the ability to heal their own wounds, no matter how serious they were. At a point near the conclusion, the telepathic mass of garbage was shot in the eye with a flare. That really made a mess out of the repulsive mess! Although the invader died, it restored itself to its natural (?), healthy (?) self. After the saucer blasted off for parts unknown, it was pulverized by a nuclear missile from the American sub. Of course, one might ask why the two creatures



Gelatin has a pretty shaky reputation but don't depend on this Super Gob to be on old softy!

did not reform themselves afterward, but I have a suggestion: don't!

Japan's first movie to feature oversized blobs (in color, yet!) was **THE H-MAN** (Toho, 1959). These green, man-sized pools of leftover lobster sauce could walk, swim, slither up and down walls, ooze under doors and through holes, and *eat living things!* They were once men, but radiation changed them into misshapen malcontents, who dissolved and absorbed their victims within the space of a few seconds. They were so disgusted with themselves that they even ate up some pretty dancing girls. This was the last straw! Enraged Tokyo policemen moved in with flame throwers and wiped out the fugitives from a giant running nose.

Can an entire world become enflamed by an invasion of privacy? That is just what happened with **THE ANGRY RED PLANET** (American-International, 1960). During the

course of the film, plants, animals, and even one-celled living organisms tried to kill the astronauts from Earth. The culprits who made the deadly creatures attack were of the Martian master race. These colorful, three-eyed cuties looked suspiciously like mutated insects, and this might explain their animosity toward humans. Anyway, the last creature to menace the space travelers was a gigantic, land-crawling amoeba. It had one bloodshot eye on top of it, which rotated crazily as the beast chased its intended prey. The scene was both terrifying and comical—until one of the men was absorbed by the shimmering pile of jello. The survivors used their ship's electric current to zonk old Swivel Pupil, but they still had to leave Mars to its prejudiced inhabitants.

Another protoplasmic organism that was able to reproduce itself (this time by binary fission) was **CALTIKI, THE IMMORTAL MONSTER** (Allied Artists, 1960). This oversized gumdrop lived in Mexico, where it was

discovered by a group of archeologists. Later on, fragments of the original Caltiki were brought to two different sections of Mexico City. Mayan legends told how a certain radioactive meteorite could animate the eternal "god," and it just so happened that the same meteorite was even then nearing Earth. As it drew closer, the remaining parts of the monster grew to tremendous proportions and multiplied. The Army moved in to combat the hungry beings, and the audience was treated to an impressive battle between the creatures and flame-throwing toy tanks. The military miniatures soon won, and the Caltikis were all turned into well-done jumbo hamburgers.

Five men were sent on a mission to Uranus in **JOURNEY TO THE SEVENTH PLANET** (American-International, 1961). When they disembarked from their spaceship, they were amazed to find a beautiful landscape that extended for miles in either direction. The astronauts soon found that a force shield



You've heard of the Old Hindu Rape Trick. So, apparently, has the BLOB as (bottom of picture) it starts to slither up after the young man in the rafter.

could sell them as a weapon to the highest bidder. Before his work was completed, four other people accidentally ended up on the island. Right after the scientist killed two of the newcomers, the creatures merged into a couple of enormous melted marshmallows. Quite by accident, one of the murder victims provided the trapped hero and heroine with a way to defeat the cancerous leviathans. As a result, the bad guy and his unruly pets got just what they deserved.

MUTINY IN OUTER SPACE

(Woolner Brothers, 1964) was a poor space opera that centered around a crisis at a space station. The tale began by showing space teams from Earth exploring another planet. A form of interplanetary fungus was carried to the orbiting platform by one of the ships, and the fuzzy mold began to develop just before the mutiny occurred. It grew to fantastic size, infecting some of the crew members, and eventually covering the exterior of the station. Inside, a mad commander, suffering from an overactive persecution complex, worsened things by endangering the entire crew. In the end, the space-happy officer was overcome and the furry plant-rejects were destroyed before they were able to spread to good old Mother Earth (Whew!).

The third and final movie in the series about scientists trying to perfect travel by teleportation was **CURSE OF THE FLY** (20th Century-Fox, 1965). The other pictures were George Langelaan's **THE FLY** (1958) and **RETURN OF THE FLY** (1959), both by Fox. The complex device was worse than ever in the last story. Not only did it continue to mix atoms, but it often produced radiation scars and instant stupidity. This film was pretty boring until the mutants escaped from their prison and went around attacking everybody. Two of them were subdued and sent through the teleporter to

surrounded the false paradise. Outside it was the actual frozen wasteland of Uranus. Donning protective suits, the men left the alien fishbowl, and eventually stumbled upon a fat, ugly super-brain. The one-eyed monstrosity was able to convert energy into matter; it had created the protective zone around the Earth rocket. The quivering pile of Play Dough soon materialized some giant creepy crawlers, and used them to attack the humans. Finally, liquid oxygen froze the oversized sponge.

Greed caused an American scientist to become a murderer and a traitor in **THE FLESH-EATERS** (CDA, 1964). These tiny carnivorous monsters were the result of Nazi experiments in marine biology, and they had been intended for use in an attack against the United States. Nearly two decades after World War II ended, the gooey creatures ended up on a small island located off the coast of Cape Cod. The villain tracked them to their new home, and attempted to find a way to subdue them so that he

the receiving point. They were disintegrated together, and that is how they re-materialized—together! They appeared as a mindless mass of quivering flesh (much like some of the actors). The pathetic pile of regurgitation was quickly disposed of with a sharp axe, and the machines were destroyed until the next sequel rolls around.

Perhaps the most breathtaking imaginary trip ever filmed was **FANTASTIC VOYAGE** (20th Century-Fox, 1966). This movie showed the adventures of a group of people who were shrunk to microscopic size and injected into a scientist's bloodstream. A prototype submarine was also diminished, along with a laser and other equipment. Their mission was to remove a blood clot from the man's brain—from the inside, of course. Twice during the course of the movie, the intruders—for that is just what they were to the body they entered—were chased by cute little white blood corpuscles. A bunch of the smart little devils played grabbies with Raquel Welch, but the jealous hero saved her from them. In a fit of rage, the floating masses of transparent ooze destroyed the interveinular vehicle, along with the villain, Donald Pleasance.

Bone-eating silicates swarmed all over the isolated **ISLAND OF TERROR** (Universal, 1966). These super-hard escapees from a Silly Putty factory were the result of an experiment that was conducted to cure cancer victims. Whether the land-roving, wall-scaling, tree-climbing blobs actually did destroy cancer growths was unimportant, since they left the patients empty of all calcium—in other words, dead as a sponge. Axes, bullets, fire and dynamite failed to stop them. To make things worse, they were capable of dividing in two every few hours, a process which made the creatures look like matzoballs floating in chicken noodle soup. Inevitably, the monsters ate contaminated



That's a switch: this jello has decided to have a couple of helpings of people for dessert

cattle bones and softened up—permanently. Soon afterward, a laboratory in Asia created the same monstrosities—only this time they were unstoppable!

BARBARELLA (Paramount, 1968) has been the best science fiction sextravaganza to date. The film's plot was taken from Jean-Claude Forest's French comic strip, which dealt with the heroine's x-rated adventures in the year 40,000 A.D. Almost all of the action in the movie took place on Lythion, the Bizarre Planet, in and around the tube city of Sogo. There were so many killers in this story that they were coming out of the woodwork (some of them were part-tree). The most fearsome killer of all was an enormous blob—Mathmos, the Living Liquid—residing beneath the city. The colorful organism lived off the evil emanations that issued forth from the city's inhabitants. When Barbarella was finally able to corner the evil Black Queen, the kingsize mass of gelatin went crazy and started destroying the metropolis. Soon, everything was liquidated except

Barbarella, the Black Queen, and the heroic birdman.

Not even the super-weapons of the future were able to stop **THE GREEN SLIME** (MGM, 1969). This slithering substance originated from an asteroid that was on a collision course with Earth. Soldiers from an orbiting platform managed to pulverize the interplanetary speedster with atomic explosives, but a tiny amount of the emerald-colored muck was brought back to the floating doughnut. Energy made the one-eyed aliens develop, and high intensity energy was their greatest weapon. If enough power was available, they could grow to the size of a man in less than a minute. And any amount of liquid that spilled from a wounded monster soon became other creatures! Due to this reproductive cycle, the tentacled things could not be destroyed. Before long, a horde of extras in silly green costumes were waddling through the space station. Eventually, the fat-headed beasts were cremated when the artificial satellite sped

toward the sun.

At first glance, the slimy villain of **GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER** (Toho, 1971) looked like a giant, mutated tadpole. Later on, it changed into a writhing mass of vaseline petroleum jelly—with red eyes! The thing's name was Hedorah, and it was a repulsive conglomeration of pollution and sea water. (I never cease to be amused by the fact that the Japanese always have a name for each giant monster, even before it appears for the first time.) As the monstrous offspring of an irate Mother Nature (don't fool her!), Hedorah had no love for humanity. In fact, it went around destroying everything it could get its amorphous tentacles on, but its acidic mass proved to be quite deadly to a strange form of life known as Homo sapiens. As this juvenile film progressed, the bug-eyed mutation grew and *flew*! It also changed form voluntarily! Eventually, Godzilla came along to confront the 200-foot-tall horror. Earth's radioactive hero was almost asphyxiated twice, and once he was nearly

drowned by a mucky excretion which emerged from his ugly opponent. As always, though, the world's favorite box-office dinosaur saved the day for Japan and the rest of the world.

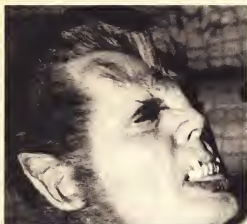
Almost the entire cast gets eaten up in **BEWARE THE BLOB** (Harris, 1972). This terrible sequel to **THE BLOB** begins by having Godfrey Cambridge, of all people, unwittingly thaw out a piece of the frozen red alien. This, of course, gets him in big trouble with the hungry thing, which immediately devours him. The heroine arrives on the scene just in time to see Godfrey waving farewell, and she quickly does an about-face and scoots out of the place. Her boyfriend, naturally, refuses to believe her story about the growing wad of chewing gum, but he soon learns his lesson. Throughout the film, pitchforks, bullets, fire, bowling pins (?), and even a cross are used against the ever-growing beast. Despite the ineptitude of the actors, the roly-poly slaymate is rendered harmless at the conclusion of this farse.

There is a fairly good chance that some of the aforementioned monsters will return, in sequels to such movies as **ISLAND OF TERROR** and **THE GREEN SLIME**. Surely, the adorable Smog Monster will be back one day. Giant blobs are the most repulsive thing ever conceived by man. They thrive in literature much more than they do in films. One of the best examples of this is that H.P. Lovecraft's main demon-god, Cthulhu, was a many-tentacled slimy. Through the years, there have even been two comic book series about gooeey monster-heroes, both of which were known as *The Heap*. Two new characters of this sort are Marvel Comics Group's *Man-Thing* and DC's *Swamp Thing*. Television has also had its share of these delightful creatures, from the Outer Limits to Star Trek. Without a doubt, oversized blobs and super-brains will continue to be popular with audiences for as long as horror tales exist. And I for one am pleased about this.

END



Can the Sign of the Cross save them from the very hungry, very cross son of the BLOB?



As WEREWOLF OF LONDON (Universal 1935).

LETTER TO A LYCANTHROPE

the werewolf wants to hear from YOU

HENRY HULL. He wasn't exactly a youngster when he burst on the screen in a fit of feral fury as the WEREWOLF OF LONDON in 1935. Many years later you enjoyed him together with Vincent Price in the film dramatization of Jules Verne's classic MASTER OF THE WORLD.

Henry Hull is old, now—this is the year of his 83rd birthday—and though we don't happen to have the information at hand as we go to press as to just when his birthday is (or perhaps was) we think it would be a gesture appreciated on his part if a lot of his fans would send him a card at this time. A birthday card or just a general card of friendship & good cheer, a little letter, even a postcard wishing him well.

Anything, just to let him know he is not forgotten.

You can appear for years in scores of plays & TV shows & movies and then one day your youth has slipped away and you're retired and the phone stops ringing and you don't get much fanmail any more and you wonder if anybody remembers you any more.

Of course you know and I know that HENRY HULL is far from a forgotten man and never will be no matter how old he grows nor how many years pass since his final performance but Mr. Hull doesn't necessarily know that; and so, just as we called to your attention last issue that LON CHANEY JR. would appreciate hearing from you (and it still holds true) we now turn the spotlight on—

HENRY HULL.

The star of the lycanthropic classic, WEREWOLF OF LONDON.

The man who, as filmonster fan Phil Riley confided to us, brought tears to his eyes when he

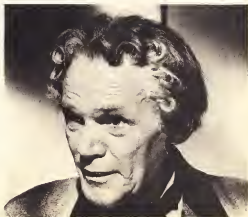
witnessed his performance in BOYS' TOWN last Christmas eve.

We've reason to believe that Henry Hull would be delighted to hear from you.

We only ask that you *don't* abuse the privilege and ask him to answer a lot of questions for you or sign a lot of pictures. He doesn't have the energy. He might not mind signing a single photo if you provide it yourself but be sure to include a self-addressed envelope large enough to send the picture back to you and with the proper return postage on it.

You may address Mr. Hull *care of* Forrest Ackerman, 915 So. Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles/CA 90035, and what you send will be forwarded to "the WereWolf of London".

END



In MASTER OF THE WORLD (AIP 1961).

CALLING DR. DEATH

last call for j. carrol naish

good guy/bad guy

He started out with **GOOD INTENTIONS** (Fox 1930) and approximately 167 films later wound up as dangerous Dr. Durea in 1972 in **FRANKENSTEIN VS. DRACULA**. He was the late Joseph Patrick Carroll Naish, Irishman, born in New York City, whose middle name "Carroll" was never spelled the same way twice, and who convincingly portrayed every nationality from Italian to Japanese...and acted as an apeman, à la Lon Chaney Sr. in **A BLIND BARGAIN**.


famous roles

In 1932 he was doubly famous as he appeared in Warner Bros.' **FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE** and **IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS**.

The same year he was in MGM's **BEAST OF THE CITY** and appeared with the late great "Little Caesar" (Edw. G. Robinson) in **HATCHET MAN**.

His second film was **SCOTLAND YARD**, 1930, and would you believe **GUN SMOKE** in 1931—?!

He was among the cast of **NO LIVING WITNESS** (Mayfair 1932) and lent his talent to the Mascot serial of 1933, **MYSTERY SQUADRON**.



J. CARROL NAISH
Born 21 January 1900
Died 24 January 1973



His last screen appearance. He played Dr. Dureo, who turned out to be Dr. Frankenstein, in the 1972 color production of **FRANKENSTEIN VS. DRACULA**.

Other films among the dozen and a half he made in '33 included **INFERNAL MACHINE**, **WORLD GONE MAD**, **THE AVENGER**, **THE DEVIL'S IN LOVE**, **SILENT MEN** and **MAD GAME**.

first of the "famous monsters"

In 1934 the late Mr. Naish played his first role in the type of movie featured in FM. It was Warners' **RETURN OF THE TERROR**, based on the book by the greatest mystery writer of his day, Edgar Wallace, and Naish played Steve Scola, former attendant at a sanitarium who had given damaging testimony against the superintendent & members of the hospital staff. Irving

Pichel, who in 1936 would appear in **DRACULA'S DAUGHTER**, and Frank Reicher, who the year before had taken Carl Denham & his crew to Skull Island, were both in the picture with JCN.

"The Terror" was billed as "The Most Mystifying Marauder ever Created by the Eerie Brain of Edgar Wallace" and the picture posed such creepy questions as:

HOW can—

A skeleton administer poison?

HOW can—

Light make things 'invisible'?

HOW CAN—

Drowning bring back the dead to life?

A special radio dramatization of **RETURN OF THE TERROR** was broadcast at the time and a part of the script went as follows:



As the sinister Oriental, Dr. Dakko (right), who made mindless zombies of enemies such as James "Ming" Middleton (center) in the **BATMAN** serial, 1943.

GOODMAN: Olga! What's the matter? What's happened?

OLGA (hysterically): *Redmayne!* I saw him—I saw him—I tell you! I—

GOODMAN: Where?

OLGA: Out there—out there in the dark!

GOODMAN: Nonsense, Olga!

OLGA (wildly): Oh, but I did, Dr. Goodman! I *did!* He pressed his face against the window pane!

GOODMAN: No, no, impossible. He's miles from here! (Wind howls)

OLGA: No. I saw him—I saw his face—and it was like the face of a dead man! Oh, horrible—ghastly—

END of Radio Excerpt.

The film featured "a perfectly equipped scientific laboratory with every kind of retort, test tube & other apparatus of the latest type for the performing of any chemical or biological experiment."

Naish made **HELL CAT**, **GIRL IN DANGER** and **HELL IN THE HEAVENS** the same year and, most particularly, the political science fiction film **THE PRESIDENT VANISHES**.

"colorful" year

1935 saw him in
BEHIND THE GREEN LIGHT
BLACK FURY
CAPTAIN BLOOD



Menaced by acromegalic Ralph Morgan in **THE MONSTER MAKER** (1944).



His ghastly fate in **FRANKENSTEIN VS. DRACULA**.
(FVD fotos by Hedy Dietz)

really big ones

Some of his really important pictures included **THE CRUSADES** (Paramount '35), **ANTHONY ADVERSE** (Warners '36), **CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE** (Warners '36), **BEAU GESTE** (Para. '39), **BIRTH OF THE BLUES** (Para. '41), **DRAGON SEED** (MGM '44) and **CLASH BY NIGHT** (RKO '52).

horror pix & monster movies

But the films for which we of FM will remember him most were a host of ghost, mystery, terror & creature features, which you'll be waiting to see again on TV in years to come, including:

THINK FAST, MR. MOTO, with Peter Lorre.

ISLAND OF LOST MEN (Para. '39).

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE CIRCUS.

DR. RENAULT'S SECRET (20th-Fox '42), based on the French novel "Balao; or, Footsteps on the Ceiling" by Gaston (PHANTOM OF THE OPERA) Leroux, made as a silent in 1913 and again in 1927 as **THE WIZARD**. In the 1942 version Naish was the manape product of mad science. George Zucco was in it with him and Ray "Crash" Corrigan played a gorilla.

BATMAN (nufsed!)

CALLING DR. DEATH. Shared the spotlight with Lon Chaney Jr. in this Inner Sanctum



He was DR. RENAULT'S SECRET at 20th-Fox where he played an apemon lang before PLANET OF THE APES, in 1942.

mystery of 30 years ago (Universal).

THE MONSTER MAKER. The acromegalic forerunner of TARANTULA (where the late Leo G. Carroll became a victim of the head-swelling syndrome). Glenn Strange was in it and he & Naish were together the same year in the fear of the year—HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1944). Incidentally, Walt Lee in his *Reference Guide to Fantasy Films* lists HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN as a 1945 release, Donald C. Willis in *Horror and Science Fiction Films* lists the earlier date, and, already late for deadline and working on FM till 4 in the morning, we don't have time to make any telephone calls or consult any files right now to determine which date is correct. Just so you know that we know that experts differ.)

He made THE WHISTLER for Columbia and JUNGLE WOMAN for Universal in '44.

STRANGE CONFESSION was Naish's weird one after his role in the Frankenstein film and then came the great BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS, wherein he appeared with Peter Lorre.

Sam (SCREEN THRILLS) Sherman was instrumental in getting him together with Lon Chaney Jr. one last time, surrounded by some of the original machinery from FRANKENSTEIN, for his final appearance in the picture released the year before his death, FRANKENSTEIN VS. DRACULA (1972).

He received Academy Award Nominations for SAHARA ('43) & A MEDAL FOR BENNY ('45).

He rated 3 mentions and 2 fotos in the book *The Bad Guys*.

And this Obituary in FM, among other places, where we fans of his say our goodbyes to one of the memorable movie menaces.

END

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HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN

the devil's brood

NEUSTADT PRISON FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE the weather-beaten sign read. Like some malignant growth upon the rocky terrain the grim foreboding structure of the institution reared into the night sky. Within these walls were imprisoned those who, thru unbalanced, lunatic minds, had committed the most monstrous crimes imaginable. Neustadt was a place whispered about in hushed voices.

It was a night when the forces of evil seemed to conspire, as the show-wagons made their way thru the muddy paths. Suddenly everything halted; one of the wagons was stuck. From the last wagon appeared a heavyset man with a moustache and crafty features. Without a word Prof. Bruno Lampini (Geo. Zucco) put his shoulder to the task. Even as he did so, events were shaping up inside the dread walls of nearby Neustadt; events that would set off a drama so strange & terrifying...



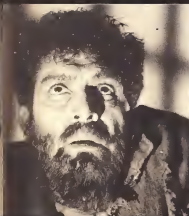
BORIS KARLOFF
as
DR. NIEMANN



SIG RUMANN
as
DRACULA'S VICTIM



GLENN STRANGE
as
FRANKENSTEIN



J. CARROL NAISH
as
THE HUNCHBACK



LON CHANEY JR.
as
THE WOLF MAN



JOHN CARRADINE
as
DRACULA



Step right in, folks! You've nothing to lose but—your lives!

Dinner for those madmen again," the guard grumbled as he made his way down the winding labyrinth of steps. As far as he was concerned every one of those lunatics could starve: it would serve them right for doing the dreadful things they had done.

The guard stopped before a particular cell—and a hand shot thru the bars, seizing him by the neck, shaking him like a terrier would a rat. "Now will you give me my chalk!" a harsh, grating voice demanded. The terrified, choking guard reached into his pocket and thrust a large white mass up to the barred window. It was plucked savagely out of his hand and the guard was released, to fall gasping to the corridor floor.

Free of his attacker, the guard wheezed, "One more trick like that and I'll have you put in solitary, you would-be Frankenstein!"

"Don't you profane his name with your dirty lips!" the prisoner snarled. "He was a genius, in whose footsteps I intend to follow when I get out of here." "When you get out of here!" the guard sneered. "Not if I can help it!" And so saying, the man staggered off, the blazing eyes of a gaunt, bearded man following him with murder in them. As the guard vanished from sight, the prisoner moved into the depths of his cell, stopping at a wall on which a series of drawings illustrating a strange experiment were scrawled. His manner changed from the mad fanatic as he seemed to straighten up, stand taller. His voice was no

longer harsh but assumed a cultured, almost professorial tone as he said "Now, friend Daniel, we can get on with our work."

And his companion in an adjoining cell, a bearded, powerfully built hunchback, watched Dr. Gustave Niemann, inmate of Neustadt Prison for 15 years, as he proceeded to explain an experiment by one of the most infamous names in science: Henry Frankenstein. "Now, Daniel," Niemann said, "the brain taken from the man was placed in the head of the dog, giving him the mind of a human being." Then, as he tapped a point at the base of a drawing of a brain and a skull, Niemann said, "Frankenstein severed the spinal cord here. But I'm not certain he was right."

As Niemann looked at the diagram, Daniel, the hunchback, spoke, a note of eagerness in his voice. "Dr. Niemann," he asked, "could Frankenstein have made me like other men?"

A strange light flickered briefly in Niemann's eyes as he replied, "He gave life to a body that he made out of the parts of other bodies that had died. Yes, Frankenstein could have given you a new body."

But Daniel's curiosity continued. "Did you know Frankenstein?" he asked. Niemann shook his head sadly as he replied, "No, but my brother, who assisted, passed on his secrets. If I only had his records to guide me, I could give you a perfect body."



Strickfaden Strikes Again! The machinery of the Electric Wizard is about to stir up the gizzard of the Strange Monster.



Korloff & Naish, looking for—trouble.

The late J. Carrol as the Hunchback.



And then, at that very moment, as if Niemann's last words were the magic key to harnessing the wild elements of the storm, a large bolt of lightning hit the prison, causing the walls of the two cells to crumble and collapse.

It was still pouring when Niemann & Daniel emerged from some brush that hid the end of the drainage tunnel. Here was what they had waited for for many years: freedom! They ran into the night.

Suddenly Niemann's eyes spotted the Lampini show wagons, still mired in the mud. Niemann led Daniel to the aid of the showman. In a moment of gratitude, Prof. Lampini offered his rescuers the sanctuary of his wagon, not knowing the horrifying chain of events he was to touch off with this act.

Niemann & Daniel were too tired to think. They hadn't known the comfort of soft chairs and hot food in many years. As they luxuriated in this new-found wealth, Lampini sat back in his favorite chair, smoking a pipe, a curl of smoke passing by his mutton-chop moustache. Dressed in smoking jacket & fez, Lampini had been mulling over the tale told him by Niemann to explain the strange appearance of Daniel & himself.

"So you're a merchant who's been held for ransom by mountain bandits?" he grated. Then indicating Daniel with the stem of his pipe, he continued, "And *that's* your servant?" "You doubt me?" Niemann answered, mustering a semblance of outraged dignity. But Lampini's years of being a showman had also shown him how to be a diplomat and he replied, "It's a doubting world. I have here the greatest collection of the world's greatest horrors, and what do I get? Jeers! Cries of 'fake!'" And as he spoke, Lampini tapped a poster highlighting the picture of a coffin, heralding its gruesome contents.

"Do you really expect your patrons to believe that the skeleton is that of Count Dracula?" Niemann asked.

Lampini seemed to puff up in suppressed anger as he replied, "I, Lampini, took it . . . eh, borrowed it, from the Count's castle in the Carpathian Mountains. With my own two hands I spread upon the floor of his coffin a layer of soil from his birthplace, so that by proxy, shall we say, his earthbound soul might be at peace within its grave."

"Until the removal of the stake from his heart," Niemann continued, in an almost trance-like voice "That would set him free, to satisfy his ravenous appetite for the blood of the living."

There was a silence for a moment as if the legend of the infamous vampire had chilled the souls of the three men. Then Niemann looked at Lampini and inquired, "Did you ever exhibit your show in Vasaria, Professor?"

"No," Lampini emphatically replied. "That's one town that doesn't care for horrors. They had one of their own 15 years ago when a Dr. Niemann tried to give a dog the brain of a man. They threw him in prison because like Frankenstein



Experiment perils! Daniel, with twisted back & mind to match, watches his master work with the brains of two of their victims.

he used bodies of the newly dead to carry out his work."

"Are you going to be playing in Regelburg?" Niemann asked, the strange light flickering in his eyes once again."

"Later on," replied Lampini. "It's rather out of the way." "Nevertheless," Niemann said in a cold, deadly tone, "you're going there."

Prof. Lampini may have been many things; rogue, charlatan, even thief at times; but he was no coward. Even the wild look in his passenger's eyes didn't faze him as he belligerently refused the man's demand. It was his last act on earth, for at a quick signal from Niemann, Daniel lunged toward Lampini.

It took the powerful hands mere seconds to snap the neck of Prof. Bruno Lampini.

the doctor & the demon

It was a few days later. With the disposal of Lampini, followed by the murder of the man's driver/assistant by Daniel, the rest had been simple. Niemann, with the same coolness that had carried him through his ghoulish experiments, donned Lampini's identity like an old overcoat. The old Lampini was dead, the new one lived. The beard had been removed and a smart moustache had been cultivated. Niemann's silver-gray hair was combed back and the clothes he wore were neat appearing. Beside him on the driver's seat

of the main wagon, Daniel, his beard gone as well, wore the uniform of the showman's assistant, retailored to fit his misshapen body.

A grim look passed over Niemann's face. "Now we can visit those who sent me to prison," Niemann murmured. "Strauss . . . Ullman . . . and old Hussman, the Burgermeister."

Regelburg was a quiet little community. Handling the major affairs of the town was Hussman. This night he was engaged in a spirited game of chess with Arnz (Lionel Atwill) the Inspector of police.

A redheaded dynamo of loveliness came into the study like a whirlwind, sweeping Hussman and Arnz with her. The "whirlwind" was Rita, married to Hussman's son Carl. Rita told how a bit of excitement had come to Regelburg: a traveling Chamber of Horrors. Before she was through, Carl, Hussman and even Inspector Arnz were on their way, little realizing that their visit would change their lives drastically.

Niemann's display of the ghoulish exhibits designed by the late Lampini was most effective. In the tent that had been set up, acts of torture, murder, hideous monsters and other horrors were dramatically displayed.

Niemann was in his element. "This way, ladies & gentlemen. This way and gaze upon an exhibit absolutely unparalleled in the realm of showmanship! Some among you will doubt the truth of what you are about to see, but let me assure

you, my friends, what you are about to see is no fake!"

Directly behind him was a tall black box, easily identifiable as a coffin. Upon its lid was a design that automatically damned itself as the crest of the House of a man whose name had passed into terrifying infamy.

"Before your very eyes," Niemann intoned, "is all that is left of a vampire." A hush fell over the audience, now mesmerized by Niemann's authoritative attitude as he gave a signal to Daniel, who scurried into view and opened the lid of the coffin. Some women gave small shrieks, while others stared at the contents of the box: a skeleton with a wooden stake wedged between the ribs in the area where the heart would be if the skeleton's owner were still flesh-covered. Pointing with a gaunt hand, Niemann intoned, "Dare I but remove this stake from where his heart once beat, and he would rise from the grave, a vampire, who would feed hideously upon the living, whose veins pulsate with warm and vibrant blood. Ladies & Gentlemen," Niemann cried, "The actual skeleton of Count Dracula, the Vampire!"

The audience was hushed as Niemann spoke the name of one of the most feared creatures in the realm of darkness. But then, Hussman's gravely voice snorted, "Rubbish, sheer rubbish." Inspector Arnz looked at his friend and said, "I don't know, Herr Hussman. There are many people who still believe in the old legends."

The strange light flickered once again in Niemann's eyes as he moved toward the edge of the stage, the better to get a closer look at his old enemy. "You seem to doubt me, Herr Burgermeister."

Hussmann looked closer at him, a dim flicker of recognition entering his eyes. "You remind me of someone that I can't quite recall," Hussmann said. "Aren't you the same Lampini I ran out of here some years ago?"

"That was my brother," Niemann smoothly replied.

"But I know I have seen you before," Hussman insisted.

Niemann answered, "Perhaps you will remember later, Herr Burgermeister," just as Daniel, sensing possible trouble, closed the curtains of the stage, obscuring Niemann from Hussman's view.

The crowd was pouring out of the exhibit tent as Niemann watched through the curtains, his eyes focused on Hussmann. Gone was the calm exterior of the showman. In its place was the cold, implacable hatred of the mad doctor. Niemann's actions were those of an unthinking automaton as he groped for the first possible weapon at hand. His fingers discovered what they sought and within moments Niemann had pulled the wooden stake out of the skeleton of Dracula and was advancing toward the curtains, the stake held like a dagger. Terror crept into his eyes as what he had done began to register upon his twisted brain. Niemann whirled around and rush-

ed back to the coffin, only to stand, riveted in horrified fascination at the sight that unfolded before his eyes.

A mist had seemed to form about the skeleton, gradually solidifying, until Niemann could swear he saw the veins, muscles and organs of a human being come into view for a moment before the skeleton had become completely transformed into a figure in evening dress and a long, black cloak. He was a thin, lean man, his skin pale with a pallor of near-death. A small moustache adorned his upper lip and on the fourth finger of his left hand a large signet ring was prominent, bearing in silver on a base of carnelian an exact duplicate of the strange crest of the coffin.

The first sign of life from the man in the coffin was a gasp of pain, while his hand moved to the area of his heart. Amazement crossed the man's features as he opened his eyes, comprehending what had happened. *He was alive again! Dracula, King of the Undead, was alive to sup on the blood of the living once more!*

Suddenly, the vampire's sharp eyes saw Niemann moving toward him, the stake brandished. Some vestige of sanity in the mad scientist's mind had struck home, making him realize the horror that he had loosed upon the world once again. But even as Niemann prepared to strike, Dracula's hypnotic gaze burned into Niemann's mind, holding the doctor motionless. "The stake in your hand," Dracula commanded. "Drop it." But Niemann's will had been strengthened by his years in prison and the mad desire for revenge. Within seconds, he had forced his mind to shrug off the vampire's hypnotic power and brandished the wooden stake once again, snarling, "But if you move, I'll send your soul back to the limbo of eternal waiting. But do as I ask, and I will serve you." Niemann's voice became impassioned as a diabolical & bizarre scheme began to form in his mind. "I'll protect the earth upon which you lie, so that before sunrise your coffin will always be ready for you."

On hearing this, Dracula's face clouded with amazement, unsure as to whether he could believe this mortal and the bargain he proposed. But the look in Niemann's burning eyes convinced him and the vampire said, "For that I will do whatever you ask." And thus, an unholy bargain was struck between the mad doctor and the demon of the dark world..

terror of dracula

The night had become cold & damp and a mist had settled over the woods as Herr Hussman, Carl, Rita and Inspector Arnz walked back from the Lampini Chamber of Horrors. At the crossroads, Arnz left them to make his way home. Shortly thereafter the trio heard a strange sound for that time of night, the sound of horse's hooves.

Before their eyes, like some ghostly apparition, a coach appeared, drawn by a coal-black horse. As it drew near, the driver stopped the carriage

and its occupant leaned out of the window saying, "May I offer you the accommodation of my carriage?" in a deep, rich voice. The man continued by explaining, "We're going to the Inn."

Within a few moments the three inside the carriage. Their host appeared to be a well set-up gentleman, distinguished looking with a thin countenance and a dapper moustache. He was dressed in evening clothes with a top hat and a cloak that for a moment seemed to envelop him like the wings of a large bat.

The stranger introduced himself. "I am Baron Latos from Hungary." It was at this moment that Herr Hussman decided to have the carriage head for his home. Anyone who was kind enough to give them a lift in this godforsaken weather was not going to have to endure a common Inn. For Baron Latos, nothing but the best wine in the Hussman cellar would do.

As the evening wore on they soon discovered that their guest was an interesting conversationalist. But as time wore on, the effects of the wine took hold of Herr Hussman and he fell asleep. Carl went down to the family wine cellar to get another bottle.

While they were alone in the study, *Dracula's* eyes turned to gaze upon Rita, who for some reason had become engrossed in the Count's signet ring. A quick grin of grim amusement crossed *Dracula's* features as he asked, "You admire my ring?" Rita couldn't tear her eyes away from it as she haltingly replied, "When I look at it I see glimpses of a world where people are dead... and yet alive."

"It is the world from which I have come," *Dracula* said in his rich voice, now lowered to a gentle, almost hypnotic whisper. He removed his ring, placing it on Rita's finger. "Wear it," the vampire commanded; "it will drive away your fears."

But some vestige of reason remained in Rita's brain as she protested that the ring was too large for her. But suddenly, at an almost invisible gesture from *Dracula*, a golden glow stole about the ring and within moments it had shrunk so it fit snugly on Rita's slim finger. Rita's eyes glazed and she spoke in a dull, listless voice; "I see your world more clearly now. I'm no longer afraid." *Dracula's* eyes became more intent as he leaned forward, his voice almost a hiss as he intoned, "It is the bond that links us together. I will come for you before the dawn."

But as he proceeded to move one step further in his unholy plan, *Dracula* was interrupted by the abrupt awakening of old Hussman, who began to ramble on in a dialog he had been holding when he had fallen asleep. Hussman realized what had happened and asked his guest to excuse him. Carl had rejoined the group and the trio bid Baron Latos good night.

Alone, old Hussman began a task he had been contemplating since he had set eyes on "Lampini" at the crossroads. Taking some old census records, Hussmann proceeded to go down the



Lon Choney Jr. in his prime, doing his thing as the Wolf Man, much to the distress of Eleno Verdugo.

list of names until he found one that stirred an unpleasant memory. "Dr. Niemann, of course!" He reached for the telephone, intending to call Arnz, as his mind raced back over the horror that Niemann had attempted to create those 15 years past. But as he reached for the phone, something made Hussman glance up towards the French windows. He froze as the figure of Count *Dracula* gazed through the window at him, the vampire's hypnotic gaze boring into Hussman's brain. It was but a few moments till Hussman's will succumbed and he sank into a sleep—a sleep from which he would never awaken.

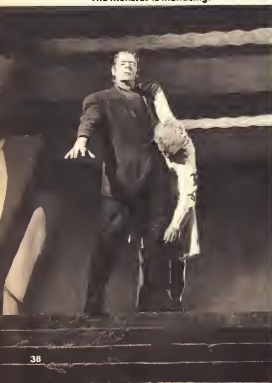
The window from the porch opened and the figure of a tall man in evening clothes and cape entered. Count *Dracula* seemed to shrug his arms beneath his cape and, an instant later, transformed himself into a large bat which flew toward the sleeping Hussman. The flying monster landed on the man's shoulder and crawled up the fabric of the old Burgermeister's coat until it was where it wanted to be: at Hussman's jugular vein. With a squeak of unholy pleasure, the vampire began to feed...

In their bedroom, Carl & Rita were having their own problems. Ever since their guest had left, Rita had been in a trance-like condition, staring at a unique ring on her hand. Panic seized Carl as he heard Rita say in an emotionless voice like some automaton, "*The darkness calls me. A beautiful world in which one may be dead...*"



Karloff pets his "baby."

The Monster is menacing.



and yet alive. I'm going away."

Carl tenderly put her to bed and then went downstairs to consult his grandfather. If anyone knew what to do, Herr Hussman would. But Carl's nightmare was not to end, for as he entered the library he saw his grandfather slumped in his chair and when he shook the old man to wake him he gazed in horror as his grandfather's head lolled to one side: there was no sign of life and Carl knew his grandfather was dead!

Suddenly, something caught his eye, something that brought vague memories of old legends back to his conscious mind. *Legends that told of dead men who rose from their graves to drink the blood of living men, women & children. A thing that left two small marks on the throat; marks like those on the neck of Carl's grandfather!* Within moments Carl had gotten to the telephone and awakened Inspector Arnz, telling him what had happened. Arnz got out of bed, ready to get a squad of his men.

In her bedroom, Rita rose from her bed, once again in the trance-like sleep that signified the power the Undead held over her. Like a robot, the girl walked to the French windows of her room and looked down from the porch onto the patio below. There, in the moonlight, stood Count Dracula, utterly satanic in his black evening suit & cape. The vampire's eyes glowed as he mentally commanded Rita to come to him, anticipating adding her to the ranks of the Undead.

Carl had just hung up the phone when something caught his eye outside the windows of the study: Rita, walking toward the figure of Baron Latos. Before Carl could spring into action, his wife had been placed in the dark carriage of the vampire, who leaped to the driver's seat, his cape spreading out like the wings of a great bat. With a hoarse yell, Carl charged out of the library just as Dracula whipped the coach horses into motion.

Shortly thereafter Arnz and a squad of police arrived at the Hussman house. Carl gasped out what had happened and one of the officers gave up his mount to Carl and the group rode off in grim pursuit, Arnz & Carl knowing what they were up against and that Rita's life and very soul were in jeopardy.

Dracula had a good lead on his pursuers. A shiver of anticipation coursed through the vampire as he thought of Rita's initiation into the ranks of the Living Dead.

But the invisible chessplayer of fate was to take a hand in matters. Dr. Niemann & Daniel, busily putting the last of the Chamber of Horrors exhibit away, saw Dracula's racing carriage and then the squad of policemen. The two escaped criminals had no desire to have a run-in with the law now. Within moments, the Lampini wagons were racing down the road, Dracula's carriage many yards behind. "Are they after us, Master?" Daniel asked. Niemann glanced back. "No, I think they're after Dracula!" Then it began to dawn on the two men why the vampire was following them: it was

almost dawn and he was making for his coffin.

Quickly Niemann's ice-cold mind came to a decision. Despite the fact that an instrument of revenge would be lost to him, Niemann gave a signal to Daniel and took the reins from the hunchback. Daniel clambered over the top of the two show wagons and lowered himself into the wagon containing the exhibit specimens. A few moments later, he began to push something out.

As Dracula spurred the horse pulling his carriage on, a flicker of desperation & terror crossed his satanic features. Dawn would be upon him soon and without his coffin, Dracula would be a victim of his greatest enemy—daylight, for with the rays of the sun the vampire would be destroyed, unable to continue his unnatural existence.

But then a look of demoniacal triumph crossed Dracula's countenance as he saw Daniel in the Lampini show-wagons pushing his coffin into the road. Dracula spurred on the coach horse when suddenly something went wrong: the king-pin holding the coach & team together fell out and the coach, carrying Dracula & Rita, plunged over a hillside, coming to rest at the bottom of the low embankment.

Disheveled, covered with dust, Dracula pulled himself to his feet, forgetting everything except one all-consuming purpose: He had to get to his coffin before the sun rose. Dracula raced toward his unholy sanctuary with a speed born of desperation & terror.

The vampire was fumbling with the catch on the coffin lid when he suddenly knew the end was at hand. He had played his game and lost. The sun, his deadliest enemy, had risen, bathing him in its deadly light. Dracula screamed in unholy agony as the rays seared through him, even as he tried to shield himself with his cape while he tried to open his coffin.

Arnz, Carl and the policemen rode up just in time to hear Dracula's scream and see the vampire fall to the ground. But their first concern was for Rita. For Carl it was an eternity of agony as he pulled her from the overturned coach, Arnz watching anxiously. Suddenly both men looked down at the girl's hand as a strange golden glow surrounded the odd ring she wore. A moment later, the ring dropped from the girl's finger, her eyes opened and Carl & Arnz breathed a sigh of relief. Something told them that the girl was free forever from the spell of the Undead.

For two constables, however, there was no sight of joy: a gruesome picture was awaiting them. For as they walked over to the body of their quarry, lying half-on, half-off the black coffin, they saw a sight which sent their senses reeling in horror. The man they had pursued had suddenly, in wisps of smoke, disintegrated into a skeleton shrouded by a black opera cape.

The career of Count Dracula, vampire, was ended for eternity. Or was it?

And the Lampini show-wagons rolled on toward their next destination.



Larry Talbot vs. Ilanka.

Center—John Carradine



FRANKENSTEIN, THE TOWN WHERE THE GENIUS OF SCIENCE WAS BORN, thought Niemann. The birthplace of the man he tried to emulate.

The horses had to rest, else the final point of Niemann's macabre odyssey would never be reached. Also, Niemann had another reason for stopping in Frankenstein: the diary of Dr. Henry Frankenstein still existed, containing the secrets of life & death, in the ruins of his castle or laboratory. Selecting a suitable spot, near a gypsy camp, Niemann prepared to spend the night.

Suddenly a group of police constables entered the gypsy camp, to be met by the band's leader, an oily, evil-looking fellow named Fejos. The leader of the group, Gerlach, ordered the gypsies to leave Frankenstein. As the police turned to walk away, Gerlach spotted Niemann's wagons and approached the scientist.

"What's in these wagons?" Gerlach demanded.

"A Chamber of Horrors," replied Niemann. "Listen," Gerlach said, "We've had enough horrors around here." He pointed to an ominous-looking mountain, atop which sat the ruins of a once stately castle, now a mass of rubble and a few walls. "Our village has been quiet & peaceful since the dam broke and swept the Wolf Man and the Frankenstein Monster to their destruction several years ago. No one ever goes near that place. We don't want to be reminded of something we've been trying to forget."

Niemann began to gather up their belongings. In the gypsy camp, Fejos had decided to take all the money he could before leaving. Even the money Ilonka, the lovely dancing girl, had worked hard to get. Fejos was in no mood to be reasonable and brutally seized the girl, hurling her to the ground.

Daniel exploded in a blinding rage. He ran to the gypsy camp and bowled Fejos over. The screaming attracted Niemann, who rushed over and grabbed Daniel by the arm. "You fool!" "Do you want the police on us?"

Daniel began to follow Niemann back to the wagons but the sight of Ilonka's unconscious form stopped him and he pleaded with Niemann to let her come with them. "Alright," the scientist said, "if it'll keep you in your right senses."

the cave of monsters

That night, in the new campsite by the ruins, Niemann went exploring. Suddenly his voice cut through the night. Daniel answered. Within moments the unholy duo were making their way into the depths of the ruins of Castle Frankenstein.

Something was bothering Daniel. Ever since he had met Ilonka a desire had been growing within him. "Master," Daniel asked, "If we find

the records will you make me like other men?"

"Daniel, I'll make you an Adonis!" But even as he said these words, there was a crash of brush and the sound of a body falling: Daniel had stepped onto a pile of rubble gathered over a hole and his weight sent the entire conglomeration caving in. Niemann looked down and saw a way into the maze-like tunnels under the castle. He scrambled down and joined his hunchbacked servant. "We'd better look for the records in here," he said. The two made their way to an opening in the rock wall and, looking through, found themselves confronted by a beautiful, eerie sight. It was a gigantic cavern, its walls & ceiling covered with ice & snow. They walked till the light of Niemann's lantern revealed a wall of semi-transparent ice. Within it, frozen in suspended animation, was a huge, hulking figure— weird & frightening.

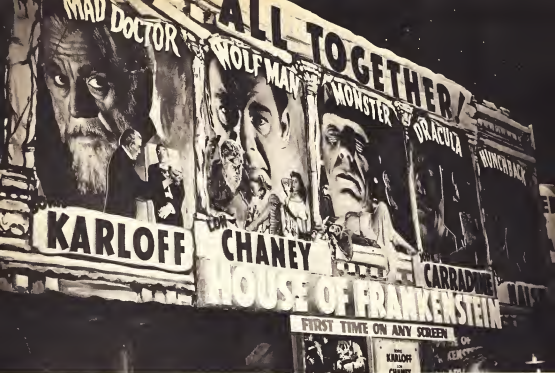
A feeling of reverence came over Niemann as he recognized the dim figure. Ghoulish legends & macabre descriptions as well as the notes of his own brother had made him familiar with what stood, imprisoned in ice, before him. "The Undying Monster," he intoned, "the triumphant climax of Frankenstein's genius..."

A thought hit Niemann and he swung around, until he spotted a second indistinct figure encased in the ice. "The Wolf Man!" he breathed. "We'll set them free and they'll help us."

A creature made by science and brought to life by lightning and a being tormented with a curse of the supernatural, they were dug out in blocks of frozen water and placed near fires. Time passed, and as Niemann examined the thawing figure of the Frankenstein Monster, Daniel went to examine their other "patient". Within moments, he was scurrying back, and with good reason: the Wolf Man had started to move, his half-human, half-animal face snarling at the hunchback as his claws curled with the lust to kill. But no warning was necessary from Daniel, for as Niemann turned to see what troubled his assistant, a third party joined them.

He was a young man, around his eyes and on his face were lines of suffering, a suffering such as man never knew. His eyes glowed with a light that bespoke someone who had beheld or experienced terrors & agony beyond the ordinary ken of man. This then was Lawrence Talbot, who "died" at the age of 32 by his father's own hand. Larry Talbot, bitten by a wolf that was not a wolf but a man... a creature of the darkness; a werewolf. Larry Talbot, who had gone through the tortures of the damned, changing when the moon was full into the half-man, half-animal thing that had attacked people ripped out their throats and drunk their blood. Larry's eyes took in the scene before him: the two men and, by the fire, a creature he knew too well... the Frankenstein Monster.

"Who are you?" Larry demanded. "Why have you freed me from the ice that imprisons the beast within me? Why?" "Perhaps to help you."



Niemann answered. Talbot groaned, "No earthly power can help those who are marked by the sign of the Pentagram." "And yet you came to Frankenstein for help." "But I was too late! He'd been killed in a fire. I wanted to die, too." "And these frozen waters have held you all these years," Niemann whispered in awe.

"Now you have brought me back to a life of misery. With each full moon I turn into a werewolf. I kill! I just want to die. Only death can bring me peace."

Niemann was moved by Talbot's plight. "You don't have to die, my boy," he said. "How can you help me?" "I too am a doctor, a scientist like Frankenstein. Show me his records and I'll build you a brain that will lift this curse from you forever!"

Hope rose again in Talbot. Niemann just might be able to help him. And so Larry Talbot, eager for release from his curse of lycanthropy, led Niemann to a hidden shelf upon which rested a large, dust-covered journal—*The Secrets of Life & Death by Dr. Henry Frankenstein*.

Later, in the Lampini living wagon, Larry sat by the bed upon which lay the inert form of the Frankenstein Monster. Even unconscious it was a fearsome sight with its huge body, misshapen head and the electrodes in its neck.

"He only wanted strength & life," Larry said. "I want only death." Niemann looked up from

the Journal and said, "In these records both problems will be solved. In my laboratory in Vasaria I have the machines to revive him." "Then I must wait until we reach Vasaria," Larry moaned, a cold chill of terror running through him; terror of another moonlit night when he would become the Wolf Man once again.

forbidden grounds

The third day of the journey to Vasaria the Lampini wagons camped beside a stream in the woods. Daniel had no free time to talk to Ilonka and this distressed him, particularly when he noticed the amount of attention she paid to Talbot. But Dr. Niemann kept him busy getting hot water for compresses for he had discovered that the freezing & thawing out process might have started a degeneration in the creature's tissues and he had to prevent this at all costs!

At the stream, Ilonka flirted with Larry who was seated on a rock. Two eyes watched this little drama, eyes filled with hatred & jealousy. Daniel felt the old urge to destroy return.

Time passed and at last the Lampini wagons neared Vasaria but instead of heading for the town the wagons headed for a foreboding estate in the woods, surrounded by a huge gate. The night was dark & windy, almost a prophecy of the horror that was to come. Niemann, Larry



Victim of his own creations! The late Master of Make-up, JACK PIERCE, attacked by Karlhoff & Naish as Niemann & Daniel.

& Daniel forced open the old gate, with the sign
ENTRANCE TO THESE GROUNDS FORBIDDEN—DR. GUSTAVE NIEMANN.

Inside the old castle, the group made their way through the dark corridors, as Niemann relished the memories of the hours he had spent working on his unorthodox theories in his laboratory. Time had covered the lab with layers of dust, dirt & cobwebs.

The Monster was carried into the lab and placed on an operating table, wrapped completely in a blanket. As Ilonka was drawn to the form through curiosity, Daniel lifted the blanket from the Monster's face to show her the giant figure, still sleeping its unnatural sleep. At the sight of the creature's bizarre face, Ilonka gave a cry and ran . . . straight into Larry Talbot's arms.

But there was no time for hatred as Niemann set everyone to work cleaning up the lab. Soon the lab was operable once more and ready to carry out Dr. Niemann's great experiment.

The Monster was now placed on a table and a coffin-like glass cabinet placed over him. Controlled by Niemann, steam was pumped into the cabinet. But Larry was not really interested. Terror ran through every fiber of his body for the full moon was due that night and with it the terrible transformation. "Operate on me!" Larry demanded. "The moon will be full tonight. You know what that means! I can't stand to go through that torture again!"

Niemann whirled on Larry. "An operation now would be a failure," he explained. "It would leave you exactly as you are. You must wait."

Larry stormed out. After he was gone, Daniel walked over to Niemann, anxiety in his voice. "Master, you promised me too . . ." "All in good time. Tonight we call on my old friends . . . Ullmann . . . and Strauss." Even Daniel shuddered as, at the thought of the two men he had just named, Niemann's face assumed an expression that could only be described as that of a demon arising from the flames of hell to wreak havoc in the world.

transplants of horror

Frederick Strauss walked out of the Inn and started to make his way home through the dark streets of Vasaria.

One day 15 years ago he had testified against Gustave Niemann, the mad doctor.

As he passed by a dark side-street, a voice hailed him. "Herr Strauss?" As Strauss turned in the direction of the call he saw a man emerge from the shadows. His eyes momentarily caused Strauss to shudder. He had seen that face somewhere before but he couldn't recall where. As Strauss acknowledged himself to the stranger, the man leaned forward in malicious eagerness and said, in carefully spaced words, "Remember me? I'm Doctor Niemann." Within those fruc-



The ever-vigilant villagers chase the Frankenstein monster & his victim, Dr. Niemann, into the treacherous swamp.

tions of a second everything flooded back into Strauss's memory and he ran into the darkness of the side street, hoping to lose his enemy.

Niemann stood where he was, looking after the fleeing Strauss with a smile of tolerant amusement as a thin shriek wafted through the night air. Strauss's flight was interrupted by Daniel, who emerged seconds later with the little man's unconscious form over his shoulder.

When Strauss awoke he was sure he had been dreaming something that was impossible. First Niemann returning and then the twisted figure that had seized him. But when he tried to move he knew it was no dream: he had been tied hand and foot, with a gag covering his mouth, and placed on a bed.

As he looked around, he saw another figure, tied to a chair. And surveying the scene with a look of mocking triumph in his mad eyes was Dr. Niemann! Niemann moved between his two prisoners with an apologetic, "Oh, forgive me, Herr Ullmann. You know Herr Strauss, the garulous gentleman who testified he saw me take a body from its grave?" Niemann's voice grew cold as he snarled, "We don't forget, Herr Strauss, do we?" Strauss could see that Ullmann was terrified.

A look of mock concern crossed Niemann's face as he loosened the gag from Ullmann's mouth. Words tumbled out of the terrified man's mouth.

"Let me go, Niemann. Let me go and my money is yours. Every bit of it! Don't kill me! Don't!"

A look of hurt sensitivity came over Niemann's satanic countenance as he said, "What? Kill my old & trusted assistant? Why, no, Ullmann. I'm not going to kill you. I'm going to repay you . . . for betraying me. I'm going to give that brain of yours a new home." Then, leaning down so Ullmann could get the full impact of the madness in his eyes, Niemann said, with malicious joy, "A new home . . . in the skull of the Frankenstein Monster!"

Then, turning to the terrified Strauss, Niemann smiled as he told him, "As for you, Strauss, I'm going to give you the brain of the Wolf Man so that all your waking hours will be spent in untold agony awaiting the rising of the full moon, which will change you into a werewolf!"

And so Niemann & Daniel removed the brains of the doctor's betrayers, placing them in special tanks through which a constant flow of plasma fluid kept them alive.

As he finished adjusting the controls of the plasma machines, Niemann was stopped by Daniel. "Master," the hunchback asked eagerly, "Now that I've helped you with Strauss & Ullmann, will you give me Talbot's body?" Niemann whirled in fury on his assistant, snarling, "No! Talbot's body is the perfect home for the Monster's brain! I can rebuild it, add & detract from it as I choose!" "But you promised," Daniel

pleaded. Niemann cut him off. "Do as I say or I'll never help you!"

He stalked out of the lab, Daniel staring hatefully after him.

night of the beast

A few moments after Niemann had left the laboratory, Daniel returned to his chores. Footsteps caused him to stop. He turned and saw that the lab had a visitor: Ilonka. The girl asked Talbot's whereabouts. "You love him, don't you?" the hunchback said, in a roundabout reply. "Yes," she said, "but he doesn't know it. "It wouldn't make any difference if he did," Daniel stated as he started to draw a singular design in a book page. Ilonka walked over to see what he had been doing.

The hunchback pointed at his drawing and asked, "Do you know what that is?" "It's a star," Ilonka replied, bewildered by Daniel's question. "It's a five-pointed star," Daniel corrected, "The sign of the Pentagram."

The enormity of what Daniel had just said hit Ilonka as she gasped, "The Mark of the Beast!" Then Daniel began to recite an old rhyme, a rhyme which had played an important part in the life of Larry Talbot. "Even a man who is pure at heart and says his prayers by night . . ." he began. And the gypsy girl finished, "*May become a wolf when the wofbane blooms and the moon is full & bright.*"

"He's a werewolf," Daniel said. Ilonka stared at him in horrified shock. Her mind was torn between two emotions: her love for Larry Talbot and horror of the legend of the man who became a beast when the moon was full. She screamed at Daniel that she hated him, that he was mean & ugly. Then she fled from the laboratory. The hunchback was completely broken as he turned and looked around for something on which to vent the rage building up within his insane mind.

His eyes came to rest on the operating table, onto which the body of the Frankenstein Monster had been strapped. Seizing a thick leather strap, Daniel grabbed it as he walked toward the Monster. The table had been tilted upwards so that the Monster was placed at a slight angle. Like this, his enormous size was terrifying. But Daniel, in his rage & grief, didn't even notice as he stared up at the now semi-conscious giant.

"She hates me," he cried. "She hates me because I'm an ugly hunchback! If it weren't for you, I'd have Talbot's body." Daniel began to wield the leather strap, striking out at the symbol of his frustration with all the strength he could muster as the Monster remained immobilized on the table, vaguely aware of what had been happening.

In another room of the Niemann castle, Larry Talbot was going through the torture he had suffered for many years. From the night after the gypsy Bela had bitten him while in his were-

wolf state, Larry's life had been one of horror & anguish. He had killed several people in his hometown, even trying to destroy his sweetheart Gwen. But the timely arrival of his father, Sir John Talbot, and the beating he received with the old man's weapon, a silver-headed cane owned by Larry, had brought temporary peace to the anguished Larry. Then two grave-robbers had broken into Larry's coffin, allowing the full moon to shine down on the supposedly dead Talbot, reviving him. For the legends say a werewolf cannot be killed by ordinary means.

Since then, it had been a trail of killings as Larry had wended his way to find Dr. Ludwig Frankenstein, the son of the illustrious scientist. But he had been dead and the horror had continued, culminating with the entombment of the Frankenstein Monster and the Wolf Man in ice.

The full moon rose in the night sky, its nocturnal light bringing horror to Talbot's mind. Human thoughts were being pushed out of his consciousness as Talbot ran out into the garden of the old castle.

The night mist drifted over the ground of the Niemann estate. In the soft earth, the prints of bare human feet moved toward the gate of the castle. But as they proceeded, a subtle change began to take place in them until they were no longer the footprints of a human being but those of an animal—a wolf! In a few moments the transformation was complete and a figure, half human, half beast, face covered with coarse animal hair, teeth changed to sharp tearing fangs, hands transformed into a grasping talons, ran into the night, vanishing into the fog.

The Wolf Man roamed once more!

death's grim game

At the Inn in Vasaria, the Burgermeister, Tobler, the chief of police and several villagers were passing the time when suddenly the door to the inn burst open and a villager rushed in, terror in his eyes, shouting "Inspector! I just found Herr Braun in the woods. He's dead!" People sprang from their chairs. One of their own kind had met the Grim Reaper and was no longer among them. They followed their terrified guide to a spot in the woods where the torn, mutilated body of Braun lay.

Dr. Geissler, the town coroner, examined the body. He looked up at Toberman and said in a grave, nervous voice, "The jugular vein is severed. Not cut but torn apart as though by powerful teeth!" "A werewolf," murmured a villager named Schwartz. The mention of the dread creature of the night sent a chill of terror through the villagers. While they were modern in many respects, they still had within them the fear of the unknown as had their forefathers. Toberman's gruff voice chided, "I'm surprised at you and ashamed that you believe in such idiotic



The lycanthrope sleeps in his icy tomb and when he wakes it's certain doom!

superstition."

"Then how do you explain that!" Schwartz demanded as he pointed to Braun's corpse. "And what about Strauss & Ullman? They're still missing! If there is a werewolf, our people should know about it! Let's find him!" A roar of agreement rose from the assembled villagers. Toberman knew there was nothing he could do to try and stop them. "Alright!" he shouted. "Organize your searching parties. The Inspector will head one group, Schwartz another and Meier a third ..."

Even as the great werewolf hunt was being organized, the cause of it all, Larry Talbot, sat in the garden of Niemann's castle, his mind tormented by the enormous horror of what he had done under his ghastly spell of lycanthropy. As he pondered, Ilonka came up to him and began to speak the ancient rhyme. "You know," he exclaimed, "Daniel told me," she said gently. "Last night I killed a man," Larry moaned. "You didn't know what you were doing," Ilonka started to protest but Larry stopped her. "But I did," he cried. "I wanted to kill. Tonight the moon will rise again and I'll become the beast. I'll kill again!"

"Can't Dr. Niemann do anything for you?" Ilonka asked. "He says he can but he keeps putting me off," Talbot replied. "When that spell comes over me, I'll kill anything or anyone. I might even kill you. Only death can bring me

peace of mind. And a werewolf doesn't just die. He must be killed. Killed by a silver bullet."

At that moment a grim resolution came into the girl's mind: if it took a silver bullet to kill a werewolf and bring peace to the man she loved, she would help him. With a silver bullet, "Fired by the hand of one who ... who loves him enough to understand."

And so Ilonka proceeded to work on one of the silver charms from her necklace, hammering it into a crude bullet which she planned to fire from an old flintlock pistol.

Night spread its black cloak over Vasaria and in the old castle Dr. Niemann began the greatest experiment of his life: the revival of the Frankenstein Monster! Already the mad scientist was at work, connecting the life-giving electrode-wires to the inducting bolts on the Monster's neck.

Making certain that everything was secure, Niemann walked over to the main console of the weird electrical machines that had been rebuilt. Daniel stood by the switch of the power unit as Niemann made his final adjustments. Then, at a signal from the scientist, Daniel turned on the power. The huge machines began to operate in a cacaphony of light & sound. Niemann was watching the various meters & dials when Larry, his face a mask of fear, burst into the lab.

Seizing Niemann, Talbot whirled him around, shouting above the din, "Listen, you promised if I found Frankenstein's records you'd cure me

of this curse. I found them—now it's time for you to keep your part of the bargain! I've waited long enough! Last night I killed a man. Tonight the moon will be full again!" Suddenly a dangerous glint came into his eyes. He grabbed Niemann by the shoulders. "Operate on me or I swear I'll..."

Talbot's hands flew to Niemann's throat and he began to choke the scientist. But Niemann's insane mind worked quickly as he glared back at Talbot, calmly saying, "And destroy your only hope of release?" Something within Larry's mind brought him back to normal as he realized Niemann was right. There was nothing Larry could do. Releasing Niemann, Talbot returned and raced out of the lab.

While the grim drama of the castle was being played, the villagers of Vasaria, determined to find the monster they believed menaced their lives, were conducting their hunt. Armed with guns & torches they had split into different search parties but so far nothing had been turned up. Toberman turned to look at one of the searchers, a note of sarcasm in his voice. "Any sign of your werewolf yet?"

But Meier & Born, two of the villagers, had separated from one of the search parties to do some prowling on their own. Suddenly they saw something ahead of them that sent terror flooding through their hearts: lights were flashing from the windows of the old Niemann place... a castle that had been deserted for over 15 years. The two men ran in terror until they rejoined the main search party. Toberman was immediately apprised of what they had seen and a grim look came over his face. So Niemann was back!

In the castle laboratory, Niemann continued his insane experiment, unaware of the search parties which were now heading for his castle. His agile fingers adjusted controls & switches while Daniel watched the gauge of the power unit. Suddenly a buzzer sounded and Daniel yelled, "*Danger, master! Danger!*" "Decrease the megavoltage!" Niemann shouted. Within moments the machines had stopped and Niemann eagerly approached the huge operating table where the Monster lay, its eyes open, life evident in its gigantic frame.

Triumph coursed thru Niemann's brain. This was his moment of triumph. He had carried on Frankenstein's greatest work; he had brought the Undying Being back to full potential. His theories were right!

The giant was awake as Niemann began to examine him. As the Monster looked into Niemann's face, something seemed to tell him that here was the man who had brought him back to life. A twisted caricature of a smile played across the thing's lips.

But when Daniel came near, the Monster changed. Anger flared in its eyes and a soundless snarl passed its lips as it reached out with its confined arms to seize Daniel. It remembered all too well the beating with the strap that

Daniel had administered earlier.

two for the black sleep

Larry Talbot sat in his room, his brain ablaze with the horror of what he knew was coming. Rising from his chair, the tormented lycanthrope walked over to the mirror and watched, terror in his eyes, as the all-too-familiar transformation began once again.

Unknown to Talbot, there was one other witness to his ordeal: Ilonka. Looking thru the curtained windows, she stared in horror as she saw the man she loved turn into a snarling creature of the nether world.

Suddenly, without warning, the Wolf Man turned and raced toward the French windows, smashing out and racing into the night. The girl stood in shock. But only for a moment! Then, gripping the ancient pistol she carried, Ilonka set out in pursuit of the Wolf Man.

She had just gotten near the great hedge by the castle entrance when a huge shape grabbed. Teeth bit into her throat, talon-like hands ripped her flesh as Ilonka instinctively fired the gun she carried. There was a howl of agony from the Wolf Man as he flung the girl away from him and staggered back, trying to run off into the only world he knew, the darkness of the night.

But the power of the silver bullet had taken hold quickly. Within seconds the werewolf was crawling along the ground, his body a mass of agony & fire. Twisting & writhing, the Wolf Man suddenly went rigid, then relaxed, lying on the grounds... dead forever.

Ilonka knew she was dying; her wounds from the animal-man's attack had been too great—fatal. But as the life flowed out of her, she used every ounce of her remaining strength to crawl along the ground until she was able to rest her head on the chest of the man she loved. Before the black sleep engulfed her, Ilonka beheld a sight that sent a glimmer of happiness into her heart: the Wolf Man changed back into the form of Larry Talbot, his face a mask of peace as if he knew what had happened. Then darkness came and Ilonka slumped on Larry's chest; two lovers, united in death.

climax of Horror

As Niemann was examining the Frankenstein Monster, he turned to Daniel. "Tell Talbot I'm ready for him." Daniel rushed off, anxious to be away from the Monster. But when he came to Talbot's room he found the door locked. Bewilderment ran thru his mind. Suddenly he heard the scream of a woman and a shot. He rushed outside. Daniel's mind went numb as he picked up the body of Ilonka, carrying it tenderly to the lab.

Niemann was jolted by what he saw and ordered Daniel to put the girl on the operating table.

He proceeded to examine her but stopped a moment later, his eyes observing the wounds on her throat. "The Wolf Man," Niemann muttered, his shoulders slumping. There was nothing he could do for the girl.

Niemann turned away from the table, the full impact of the tragedy hitting him. Everything he had been working for had been shattered.

But Daniel felt no guilt, no pity. His warped mind was back on its one-way track of death. The hunchback's face was calm as he approached Niemann. "The only thing I ever loved," he intoned. "This wouldn't have happened if you had kept faith with me. I served you well, Master! Remember Lampini? Strauss & Ullmann? Now you will join them!"

Before Niemann could move, Daniel was upon him, his powerful hands seizing his throat, bending the scientist backwards. There was a brief struggle and a snap, accompanying the breaking of Niemann's back.

But other eyes watched the grim tableau. The Frankenstein Monster had witnessed Niemann's execution and was tearing free of the restraining straps that held it to the operating table. Once free, the giant stalked thru the castle laboratory, straight for Daniel.

Outside the castle the villagers were now one body of fury, torches burning, heading for the entrance. Suddenly they stopped as one of the windows of the tower exploded in a crescendo of glass & wood. A man hurtled outwards, a hunchback, scrambling desperately for a hold on the roofing of the structure. For a moment it seemed as if he would succeed but then he fell into space, screaming for his life as he fell to the ground hundreds of feet below. The townspeople realized that Niemann was back and death, violent death, had returned with him!

As one man, the mob stormed the castle, rushing up the winding stairways and into the huge laboratory. There, an awesome, macabre sight greeted them: Dr. Niemann lay like a limp rag doll in the arms of a huge grotesque giant that looked down at its burden with a mien of sadness.

As the thing turned to glare at the mob, Toberman suddenly recognized it from the fantastic tales told of the terror it had created in the past. "It's the Frankenstein Monster!" he cried as the thing, Niemann cradled in one arm, lumbered toward them. But the old man remembered other things about the dread creature. "Use your torches!" he shouted. "It can't stand fire!"

Faced with its ancient & unconquerable foe, the Monster retreated, waving its free arm in impotent rage, snarling in fear & anger as it lurched down one of the winding stairways to the outside, its mind obsessed with one thought: to escape the fire.

The Monster found only one way open to it: the exit leading to a large marsh some distance behind the castle in the woods. But Toberman's quick brain thought of this. Quickly he turned to the others and shouted: "Set fire to the marsh



Partners in peril. Karloff & Naish in their prime in HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

grass. Drive it into the bog!"

The terror of fire drove the Monster on as the first dim glow of the burning marsh field came into view. On & on it stumbled, carrying the helpless, paralyzed Niemann under its arm.

But even though his body was paralyzed, Niemann could still speak. As the Monster entered the marsh, his mind remembered a terrifying fact. "Not that way!" he shouted. "Danger! Quicksand!" But terror made the Frankenstein Monster deaf to the warning of its nemesis as it staggered right into a large pool of murky muddy silt. At the center it could move no farther.

Niemann was helpless as the Monster tried to escape, only to sink faster into the bottomless depths of the mire.

Toberman and the villagers ran up to the edge of the quicksand just in time to see the top of the Monster's misshapen head vanishing beneath the surface. And yet, even with the giant under the quicksand, Niemann still remained above the surface, held there by the vanished Monster.

But even this could not last and in a few moments the villagers watched in horror mixed with relief as Dr. Gustave Niemann, the mad scientist who had delved unwisely into the unknown, had performed weirder experiments than anyone could imagine, sank from sight. Justice had overtaken Niemann, and as the villagers turned away, only a few bubbles rising to the surface of the quicksand marked the mutual grave of man & monster.

END

DRIP
DRIP
DRIP

bloody terrors

seeing red

THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND was released (in crimson color) in 1969. Running time: 86 minutes. Most of the time was spent running from the Mad Doctor.

Here's why:
On the bizarrely named Blood Island, in the

Phillipines, three people arrive for various reasons: Bill Foster (John Ashley), a pathologist on the path of some mysterious disappearances & deaths; Sheila Willard, who's looking for her estranged father; and Carlos Lopez, who hopes to persuade his widowed mother to return to the mainland with him.



Just an ordinary fun-loving green-blooded boy since he met up with THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND.

Immediately on arriving on the mysterious island, the group is plunged into a weird & shocking series of events: Sheila is attacked by a hideous sub-human creature and Carlos learns from a woman there named Marla that Dr. Lorca, a scientist on the island, and his lover may have murdered Carlos' father.

Plagued with doubts over his father's death, Carlos digs up his grave and finds it—empty! Confronted by this sinister information, Dr. Lorca confesses that Carlos father Don Ramon is still alive.

Lorca has been searching for the secret of eternal youth & vitality and to this end has been experimenting with chlorophyll derivatives. Don Ramon, dying, was used as a guinea pig for one

of the drug experiments and was saved—but at the cost of becoming transformed into a mal-formed monster with green blood, fangs and a totally deranged mind!

The monstrous Don Ramon breaks into Lorca's house and kills his lover who, upon death, disintegrates from a beautiful young woman (preserved by Lorca's wonder drug) into a noisome Poe-like cadaver.

Lorca kidnaps Bill & Carlos and, together with Sheila, prepares to kill them in his hidden cave laboratory. But Don Ramon's lover Marla leads Ramon to the hideout and the monster man runs amok, wrecking Lorca's lab and starting a fire. Marla frees Bill and the others but she herself dies. Lorca, his servant & Don Ramon appa-

rently are killed in the flames but we learn differently in the sequel—

beast of blood

BLOOD DEVILS was the British title. Color, 1970, 89 mins.

Don Ramon sneaks aboard Bill Foster's boat and attacks everyone on board. A fire breaks out and Bill is the only survivor... at least, the only *human* survivor: the monstrous Don Ramon makes it to shore.

Bill, rescued at sea, returns to the island after a period of convalescence. With him is Myra (Celeste Yarnell), an attractive girl reporter he met aboard the ship. In the main village of the island they learn that the terribly transformed Ramon is still believed to be alive.

Bill decides to investigate the ruins of Lorca's lab and Myra, who accompanies him, falls into a pit and almost falls victim to a cobra therein but is rescued in the nick of time.

Bill, Myra & the ship's captain next check out the mad doctor's abandoned mansion. During the search, Myra gets separated from the others and is kidnapped by Lorca's huge servant, Razak. She escapes but is recaptured and taken thru the jungle to Lorca's new hideout in the dreaded Valley of the Red Mist. There, Lorca—his face dreadfully scarred by the fire—is still experimenting on the horrible creature that once was Don Ramon. Or, rather, what is left of Ramon—for his body has now been dispensed with and he is naught but a severed head!

Lorca's machines are keeping Ramon's head alive for the ultimate experiment: the transplant to a headless body.



Whatever else you may say about him, at least the Chlorophyll Monster (left) doesn't have bad breath.



What's the matter, Screaming Mimi, haven't you ever seen a Grease Monkey before? Lots of 'em on BLOOD ISLAND.

As Lorca plans his final operation, Ramu the village chief and his native warriors attack Lorca's hideout as per arrangement with Bill. In the confusion, Lorca locks himself in his lab and hastily gathers his papers, planning to escape and continue his experiment another day.

But the intelligence left inside the twisted mind of Don Ramon has slowly but surely been building up power so that the bodiless head now takes mental control of the decapitated corpse and brings the dead body to life. Ramon's head directs the headless body to attack Lorca and kill him. At the penultimate moment Ramon even

manages to speak a few hollow words, cursing Lorca in a malignant voice.

Bill breaks in and shoots the headless body, then sets fire to the evil encampment. He escapes with Myra and Lorca's notes.

But wait! There's more gore to come!

brides of blood

This film had nothing to do with the two just reviewed except for having been made by the same company—Hemisphere Pictures. Filmed



Now is that nice, young hero, using a crowbar to attack your Fiery Godfather?



Everybody's crazy over THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND.



THE CHOKER'S WILD!

She didn't play her cards right and now she's ached out of existence.

in color in '68, it was the longest of the trio—92 mins.—and costarred Kent Taylor & Beverly Hills, with John Ashley.

Dr. Paul Henderson (Taylor), American naturalist, and his beautiful wife Carla (Beverly) together with Jim Farrell, Peace Corpsman (Ashley), arrive on (you guessed it!) Blood Island. Henderson has been sent by the atomic energy commission to investigate rumors of mutations of plant & animal life following atomic tests in the Pacific.

On their arrival on the island, the three observe a native funeral procession for two decapitated island girls. Later the three learn that the girls were killed by an "evil one" who terrorizes the jungle from time to time.

Stephen Powers, a wealthy plantation owner, visits the trio and invites them to his home. There Carla almost becomes the victim of a man-eating plant.

Powers is apparently an epileptic tended to by a huge bodyguard and servants who are dwarfs.

In the end, it turns out that Powers is the "evil one", the terror of the jungle, a victim of radiation which causes him to change from time to time into a hideous monster, complete with an abnormal desire to attack and behead native girls. He is trapped by Jim and the villagers and they manage to destroy him with fire as he rampages thru the village. As the beastman dies, the cleansing flames transform him back to the body of Stephen Powers.

END

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discovered after 4 decades—

treasure #2

Last issue you turned such a page as this and came face to face with a pigman from the Island of Dr. Moreau, located in the latitude of the amazing imagination of the great HG Wells.

Well, not face to face, actually, as it was a profile of this porcine person, this human (of sorts) evolved from the pig family.

Now we go one step farther and do indeed introduce you to the pigman from THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS (1933) head on.

You have but to turn the page and you will see a picture that has been hidden from the eye of man for nigh on to 40 years. In fact, it is fitting & proper that, on the 40th anniversary of the first showing of the Wells/Wylie film, we should be the first publication showing the world of filmmonster fans such rare fotos.

Unique.

When you find these stills widely copied in the future—as you will—we hope you will remember that you saw them in FM first. That they were discovered mutually by FM fan Phil Riley and FM editor Forry Ackerman. We would appreci-

ate other editors and bookmakers giving us credit—but they won't.

Never mind. The important thing is that we're bringing you another exciting "first."

Last issue, a first close-up of the make-up of the pigman in profile.

This issue, a first close-up of the make-up of the pigman face forward.

Next issue, a ferocious three-quarter shot, close up, of Joe (Strong Man) Bonomo as... goodness knows what! Perhaps you'll tell us!

That'll be in issue #99.

And, saved for our fabulous 100th issue, The Leopard Man, the most fantastic of all the newly uncovered make-up shots from ISLAND OF LOST SOULS.

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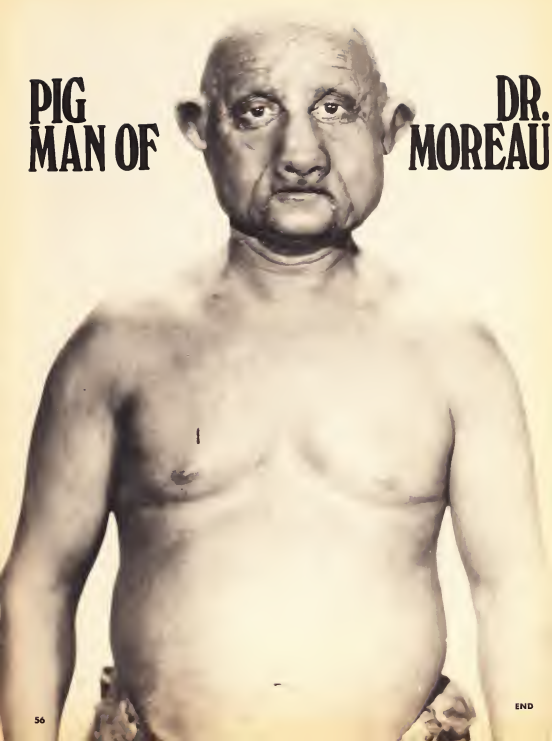
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**PIG
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ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO No. 64

The dino was THE BEAST FROM HOLLOW MOUNTAIN. Among those who buzzed us about CURSE OF THE FLY or kicked about BIG FOOT being too easy to guess were David Palmer, Eddie Johnson, Donald Farmer, Richard Gore, Erik Hasson, Dave Medoris, Roger Koch, Bruce Hall and JOHN DICK-WHEAT JOHNSON (age 7).

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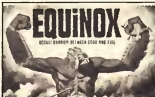
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Q I have missed seeing KING KONG VS. GODZILLA. What are the details of this Universal picture? Thank You.—DAVID MORGAN, St. Louis, Mo.



KONG & GODZILLA
both winners?

A Well, David, the picture was made by the Japanese movie company, Toho International. As for the story, Kong stomps Godzilla. Zilla stomps Kong. Then they swim away—contest a draw. In the American release, Kong scores extra points. In the Japanese version, Godzilla gets the slight edge. The only loser was the paying audience.

Q The other day I saw the last reel of an old flick that starred Humphrey Bogart, of all unlikely candidates for horror stardom. Seems he was brought back to life by a doctor, and needed other people's blood in order to keep living. Can you tell me the title of this "vampire" picture?—SINISTER, KERRY T. GIVENS, Harrisburg, Pa.

A The picture you saw, Kerry, is a little-known film curiosity called THE RETURN OF DR. X, a remake of Lionell Atwill's original DR. X. The Bogey version never appealed to Bogey, or to anyone else in particular, and seems to have been made by mistake when everyone at the Warners studio was recovering from a hangover. Bogey was an experimenter who could not die, so long as he had a drink—of blood. A scientific vampire. There is no truth to the rumor that this film originated the now famed Bogartism, "Slay it again, Sam!"



MICHAEL LANDON
a teen-aged weird-wolf

Q I have two questions. First, who played the TEENAGE WEREWOLF, and secondly, who played the TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN?—BILLY HARRIS, Martinsville, Virginia

A Michael Landon played the werewolf for American International in 1957. Billy. He went on to play "Little Joe" Cartwright on the Bonanza TV series for many years. Gary Conway played the Monster for American-International also in 1957.



TEENAGED FRANKENSTEIN
generation-gaps in his face

Q I have been wondering for some time about this. Is the SHE-CREATURE supposed to be the LAGOON CREATURE's mate?—JAY D. SHELTON, Austin, Texas.

A No, but that's a very good question. The SHE-CREATURE is not supposed to be the LAGOON CREATURE's mate. If anything is going on between them, it's none of our business.

Q Could you tell me who played the very first DRACULA? My friend says Boris Karloff, but I don't think so.—GARY ANSENAULT, Haverhill, Mass.

A Boris never played DRACULA. Lugosi played the role many times on the stage and in film. Bram Stoker based his descriptions of the Count on his actor-client Henry Irving, but the first filmed version that was a clear adaptation of Stoker's novel, was the 1922 German silent, NOSFERATU, starring an actor billed as "Max Schreck" (Schreck in German means "terror"). So, somebody calling himself Max Terror played Dracula first.




NOSFERATU
the knight of terror


Q I heard somewhere that there's a picture continuing the story of THE BLOB. If there is, what's the name of it, and what's it about?—JOSEPH RIVERA, Brooklyn, New York.

A Yes, there is a sequel, titled RETURN OF THE BLOB! It's been released about half a year now, and is probably still creeping across the hinterlands of our great country right now. It's not played for horror, but for laughs, much the same way DR. PHIBES was, or THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS. It features cameo parts by many celebrities, among them Godfrey Cambridge. Doze into your local theater when this flick envelops your town. You won't get stuck for your money.


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"MAN-THING" MATTHEW MUNGLE takes 2nd prize, a 7-issue subscription to FM. Mangled Matt Mungle designed his costume as promotion for a local theater running monster flick.

CONTEST CLOSED

By the time this will be printed and in the readers' claws, the winners for the grand 100th issue contest will have already been chosen. The history-making competition will be considered closed.

Readers are kindly asked to stop submitting entries now, although (good news!) we will institute a Monster Photo of the Month feature in the Graveyard Examiner. More details of that next issue.

On the next 2 pages are some of our loping, slithering crawling runners-up. To make space, we're cancelling our regular departments, resumed next issue.



THE BLOOD-SUCKER sips up a fine sup: a sevenish sub to FM. Winner is MICHAEL ENGLE of Lexington, Kentucky, for his startling wolf-pirc creation.

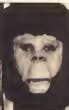
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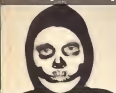


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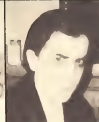
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I was amused over your comment concerning CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES being "improbable." Kind sir, in fantasy the word improbable does not exist. It's like picking on Count Dracula, the Mummy and countless thousands of other immortal ghouls. May the Creature take away your water wings!

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